THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office atCoshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60 | COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 19 1884. | NUMBER 16

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements not inserted on this page. Transient advertisements 50 cents per inch

Doc Heskett, of West Bedford, has gone to Nebraska.

There will be services at the Baptist Church next Sunday at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

Dr. O. C. Farquhar will meet his patients at the McDonald House, Friday and Saturday, April 25 and 26.

Mrs. Sarah White, of West Carlisle, aged eighty two years and two days, died at her home, last Saturday.

There will be services at the usual hours at Grace M. E. Church next Sabbath. All are cordially invited to attend.

John P. Means and family of Holmes county, have removed from that county to Warsaw. So says the Holmes County Farmer.

Stock breeders will do well to notice B. F. Rickett's advertisement on page 5. Black Belmont Bill stock is of the best in the State.

Mr. French W. Thornhill, a former Coshocton citizen, has been re-appointed trustee of the Girls' Industrial Home at Delaware.

Mr. David Rodehaver, of Walhonding, was kicked by a horse, some time ago, which broke his left leg. Mr. Rodehaver was Sheriff at one time.

Rev. S. A. Fisher will hold services at the M. P. Church 1½ miles east of West Lafayette, on Sabbath, April 20, at 11 o'clock. Subject, First Resurrection.

Visitors of Mr. C. C. Graham, of West Bedford, carried off a suit of clothes and money to the value of $53. The visitors came when Mr. Graham and family were away, and didn't leave their card.

The Fountain Hotel was partly, if not totally, burned at Newcomerstown Thursday night about 12:30. At one time the citizens called for Port Washington fire department, but soon got the fire under control themselves.

The tramps locked up last week for selling cigars unlawfully, were turned out after four days detention, and the day after they were freed orders were received to prosecute them to the full extent of the law, but the birds had flown.

Judge James M. Burt and wife celebrated their golden wedding Tuesday of this week. Mr. James M. Burt and Miss M. A. Bradner were married on the 15th day of April 1834. Their lives have been laid in pleasant paths.

At a meeting held by Co. F, last Wednesday evening, at the Armory to drum up recruits, names were proposed and accepted as follows: Thomas Willis, Wm. Courtwright, Jay LeKetlley, George Jones and James Richeson.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Bedell will preach and deliver the rite of Confirmation in Trinity Church on Sunday next at 10:30 There will be no evening service. The Bishop will be entertained by Mr. G. A. McDonald, proprietor of the McDonald House.

Mr J. C. McClintock has just finished decorating the dining hall in the Park Hotel, and it has been done in first-class style. Mr. McClintock has been having immense success in his business of paper hanging, decorator and house painting, and is well worthy the success as he is a wide awake, industrious man.

Mr. J. N. Beall, proprietor of the Dry Goods store on Main street, came home last Thursday to take charge of his business, which has been in care of his father. Mr. Beall has been, for the last ten years, on the Pan-Handle railroad, for the last three as conductor, He will now attend to his store business and buy wool in the county.

On last Friday Marshal Kiser arrested Wm. McNeeley, of Linton Mills, on a charge of embezzling $350 from an imbecile sister in-law, Eliza A. Hogle. McNeeley was brought to jail and was given a hearing before Justice L. L. Cantwell, Tuesday and Wednesday, which resulted in his being bound over in the sum of $300. In default he was re-committed to Sheriff Miller's restaurant.

The township assessors met in the Auditor's office for blanks and instructions last Saturday and the instructions were to assess as follows:

Horses $75; mules, $75; cattle, 3 years old, fat, 4c; 2 years old, $15 to $30, 1 year old $10 to $15; cows, $15 to $30; fat sheep, 4c; stock sheep, $2.50 per head; hogs 4c; wheat, 70c; corn, 50c; oats, 40c; hay, $5; wool, 25c; bees, $2 per hive.

Married, at the residence of Mr. Thornton Darr, in Roscoe, by Rev. Center, on Thursday evening, April 17, Mr. John Stipes and Miss Lib Darr, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darr. About seventy-five invited guests were present and sat down to a sumptuous feast. All joined in wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life. After an evening of mirth and merriment the happy assemblage dispersed, leaving many useful presents.

Two engines collided at Dresden Junction, last Friday, just at the washout, and caused a delay in the mail of five hours. No lives were lost. At Mingo Junction on Saturday another wreck occurred, delaying mail seven hours, so that our Dresden and Wakatomika readers didn't get The Age on Saturday as usual. The universal expression of disappointment shows the estimation in which The Age is held in that part of the county.

The State Commissioner of Common Schools wrote to Auditor Cassingham asking for a list of public libraries. The Auditor, of course, wrote that Coshocton has none, and here is what the Commissioner has to say:

Columbus, O., April 15, '83.

J. W. Cassingham—Dear Sir: I am surprised that a city like Coshocton, having a population of 3048 in 1880, has no libraries.

Yours Respectfully,
Leroy D. Brown, Com'r.

At the teachers' examination last Saturday there were 39 applicants. Twenty-one certificates were granted as follows: Four years—L. C. Shaw. Three years—C. R. Randles. Two years—Jno. Q. Dawson, Albert, Madison, Charles F. Seese, Levi M. Brown, H. E. Price, J. A. Brown, T. J. Brown, Nannie Waddle, Mary Gorham. One year—J. D. Chub, Eugene W. G. Vognitz, J. F. Axline, Jonathan Ely, S. J. Webb, Benj. Sheafer, Hattie Welling, Ida Leonard, Laura A. Crane. The questions will be found in full on page seven.

John Welsh, broke into Vansickle's saloon last Saturday night at midnight, and proceeded to "set 'em up" to himself in the absence of the proprietor. He captured some money but got rid of it in the sink when captured. Some neighbors, hearing a noise in the saloon, gathered and captured Welsh, who played "possum" by feigning drunk. He was brought before Justice Cassingham on Tuesday, waived examination and was bound over in a bond of $250. The bond not being forthcoming, he was remanded to jail.

The Fifth Regiment of Cleveland, Eighth of Akron, Sixteenth of Cleveland, Seventeenth of Coshocton, the First Battery of Cleveland, the Fourth Battery of Ashtabula and Sixth Battery Akron will encamp on one of the islands near Cleveland. There are some fine companies in these regiments, and we would suggest to Co. F to prepare—meet two or three times a week, take infinite pains. The attention of the people of the State is directed very favorably toward the O. N. G., and it is policy to strike now while the iron is hot. There will be a hot contest. Don't let Co. F be behind.

The following letter explains itself:

Cincinnati, April 16, 1884.

Captain S. M. Price. *Dear Sir:*—Several gentlemen of Cincinnati desire to offer to the enlisted men of the Company which were on duty here during the riots, a slight testimonial for their valued and efficient services rendered on that occasion, and I take the liberty to ask you to favor me with a list of your officers and enlisted men, and address of each. If you can, give me age, if married or single, and occupation in each case, I shall esteem it a favor. An early compliance will be appreciated by

Your obedient servant,
U. M. Riegel.

Right here it might be well to say that as the citizens of other places are doing so well for the O. N. G., something might be done in Coshocton by way of presenting Co. F ... to turn cloths and knapsacks, things of w... the boys stand greatly in need. The Company has never asked anything of the city, nor does it now; we simply suggest that something be done.

Peter Rice a Rock Run miner died last Saturday in great agony caused by the amputation of one leg and the foot of the other. Mr. Rice got on a spree last February and while under the influence of liquor was run over by a train mashing his foot and leg so frightfully as to necessitate amputation as above stated. Gangrene shortly after set in, when the body was lifted from the position in which it had been last, some of the putrid flesh adherd to the bed clothes and other portions dropped off in lumps. The body was buried in Coshocton Cemetry last Sunday.

Wm. McCarty and Jack Denzer were beating their way home from Columbus, on a freight train last Wednesday night, when the train was wrecked at Hanover, by the air drum of the engine dropping on the track throwing the tender and three cars off the track. Denzer jumped into the waters of Rocky Fork, but McCarty was more unfortunate and was caught under a car filled with scrap iron and horribly crushed. Thursday morning his arm and head were visible under the wreck, and in the afternoon his body was recovered and forwarded on the 8:40 train. McCarty is about 21 years of age, and resided with his parents about two miles west of Coshocton His mother is very low with consumption and it is feared her son's death will hasten her own. The boys started on Saturday for Newark, it is presumed, and having had their time, were returning home when the accident happened.

Alvin Shoemaker, a brakeman on the Pan Handle Railroad, while running along the top of his train last Wednesday afternoon, fell between the cars, and narrowly escaped being killed outright. The freight was just passing over the Coshocton Main street crossing and the caboose with several cars had been cut off from the rest. Mr. Shoemaker did not notice this as he came running along, and jumped from the top of the car between the rails, and as the rear cars came swifty along, he, with remarkable presence of mind, hooked his right arm around the axle, and saved his life at the expense of his arm, which was broken in two places. He was dragged the full length of the platform, about 58 feet, before the heavy cars stopped, and he was taken from under the car, bruised and bleeding, more dead than alive. The only wonder is that he was alive. Mr. Shoemaker has not been on the railroad long, and lives with his parents at Newcomerstown, to which place he was taken on the 2:40 train, to be treated by Dr. Beers, the company's surgeon.

Gabriel Clark.

Who died last Sunday morning at his daughter's residence, Mrs. E. V. Coe, Coshocton, where he had gone while suffering from mental aberration, has been long and favorably known to many people in this county; indeed, few men were better known. He was born in this county, August 6, 1815, and has always been a resident of the county. Until recent years he was a large and successful farmer, having one of the best cultivated farms in the county. He quit the farm and commenced dealing in stock, but was unfortunate in his ventures, until almost all of his accumulations have been lost, another illustration of the importance of men following the occupation for which association and training have fitted them. But no one ever accused Gabriel Clark truthfully of dishonesty; his bargains were always against himself. Everywhere he was regarded as a downright honest man. It were well if as much could be said of all the men with whom he dealt—if so, his family would now have plenty of means.

Mr. Clark fifty years since united with the Methodist Episcopal church in whose communion he continued until his sudden death. He was a faithful Christian men, sensible of his defects, and lamenting them more than any else. The character of his last illness made him especially solicitous that he should do nothing to dishonor his Savior. He is released from care and pain and is now at rest.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Catherine Rodgers, who died January 26, 1854. His second wife, and now bereaved widow, was Mrs. Rebecca ... who, with ... tainty of the ... to mourn his ... the near future ... E. V. Coe, ... Democratic legisla... his sons-in- ... services were in charge of Rev. J. H. Conkle, and were attended by a large concourse of people who mingled their regrets with a large circle of bereaved relatives.

DISTRICT CONVENTION

Senator Sherman the Favorite and Delegates Chosen Who Will Support Him in the Convention

The Republican District Convention was held in Frank C. Hay's Hall in Coshocton, Thursday of this week. All the counties were represented. The Convention was called to order by Mr. T. J. Newman, of Zanesville, and on motion of Hon. E. L. Lybarger, Capt. Slade of Tuscarawas, was chosen Chairman, T. S. Gates, of Muskingum, was chosen Secretary, and J. C. Jones, of Licking, Assistant Secretary.

Upon motion of a Coshocton delegate, the order of business was reversed from that announced in the call, and the roll of counties was called for nomination for delegates to the Chicago Convention.

Capt. J. M. Compton presented the named of Hon. E. L. Lybarger; Licking presented A. B. Clark; Muskingum, H. C. Van Voorhis, and Tuscarawas, W. R. Shields. But one ballot was taken and resulted as follows.

Counties.	Lybarger	Van Voorhis	Clark.	Shields....
Coshocton	27	27		
Licking	21	26	27	4
Muskingum	47	54	7	
Tuscarawas	16	7	15	38
Totals	111	111	49	42

Four Licking votes were cast blank.

Messrs. Lybarger and Van Voorhis were therefore declared the delegates to the Chicago Convention.

Mr. L. K Anderson, of Coshocton, and Mr. Gault, of New Concord, were made alternates by acclamation, and Mr. W. A. Bovey, of Uhrichsville, was chosen for elector in the same way. An effort was made by Mr. Giffen, of Licking, to have the convention instruct for Blaine, but it received no encouragement and the Convention adjourned. It was a substantial victory for the business man's candidate, the cool-headed, sagacious and honored statesman, the Hon. John Sherman, as both delegates will vote for him as long as there is a possibility of a nomination. While there is a great Blaine sentiment throughout the country, the 16th Congressional District is favorable to the "grand old ice berg," and Coshocton county especially is particularly fortunate in being represented by a man who will not only cast his vote for Sherman but will lend influence and dignity to the State delegation and the Convention.

Easter Music at Trinity Church

Anthem, Jesus Christ Risen To-day, Quartette. 1st, Hymn, All Hail the Power of Jesus Name, Holden; 2d, Rock of Ages Cleft for Me, Trio by Capt; Morris and the Misses Morris; Easter Anthem, Tallis; Benedictus, V. Novello; 1st Gloria Patri, Handel; 2d Gloria Patri, Novello; 3d Gloria Patri; Gloria Tibi, Gonoud; Gloria in Excelsis, Old Chant; Communion Hymn Do-Hyges. The quartette consisted of Capt. Morris, Tenor, Miss Miriam Morris, Alto, Miss Mamie Morris, Soprano, Mr. John McGrath, Bass. Miss Minnie Wilson presided at the organ with her usual skill and good taste.

Easter Music at St. Barnabas Church, Dennison: Anthem, No. 1, Christ is Risen; anthem, no. 2, Deal Gently, O, Father; 1st Gloria, V. Novello; 2d Gloria, Beethoven; 3d gloria, Di Nares; Easter anthem, Onseley; Deus Misereatus, Dr. Turner; 1st Hymn, O, Come, Loud Anthems let us Sing; 2d hymn, We Sing Praise of Him who Died, Venna; Offertory, Praise the Lord O, Jerusalem, W. T. Sherwin; Presentation of the offertory, 5th Rouen, Mediation; Gloria Tibi, Gounod; Trisagion and Sanctus, Dr. Camidge; Gloria in Excelsis, in G. The choir was a double quartette and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Crossland, Choirmaster. Mrs. Sprucebank presided at the organ. Her management of the pedals at the anthems was very artistic. She had the whole instrument under complete control.

Card of Thanks.

Editor Age: We desire through your columns to express our thanks for the pleasure we enjoy in a circle of friends and relatives so dear as shown by the many tokens of regard extended on the 25th anniversary of our married life. Accept this as our lasting gratitude, and may we ever prove worthy of a continuance of your highest regards.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Starkey.

The Republican County Convention last Saturday was organized by the election of Hon. E. L. Lybarger for Chairman and J. F. Meek for Secretary. Mr. Lybarger, upon taking the chair, delivered a ringing speech, which will be found in full on page four. The Convention was called to select delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Cleveland next week, and to the District Convention, held in Coshocton Thursday of this week. An Executive and Central Committee were also selected. These duties were performed as follows:

Delegates to State Convention: E. L. Lybarger, L. K. Anderson, C. H. Geidel, T. J. Platt and J. F. Meek.

Alternates: J. G. Magaw, Charles Graham, Wm. Morrison, Matt Crawford and Alex. McDonnald.

Delegates to the district convention: J. T. Powell, Adams township; Wm. Orr, Bedford; J. O. Waring, Bethlehem; Andrew Weatherwax, Clark; Jno. Wagner, Franklin; W. H. Crawford, Jno. Carhartt, Wm. Maxwell, Jackson; Col. Metham, Wm. Elder, Jefferson; J. C. Boyd, T. B. Renfrew, Keene; D. R. Culberson, Lafayette; T. J. McCarty, T. J. Cook, Linton; E. L. Lybarger, Monroe; Wm. Morrisson, Oxford; J. W. Stanford, J. F. Meek, L. K. Anderson, Corwin McCoy, E. J. Pocock, J. G. Magaw, Tuscarawas; James Scott, Jr., H. E. Bown, Virginia; J. F. Baughman, Washington; Wm. A. Himebaugh, White Eyes.

Executive Committee: Geo. A. Hay, J. G. Magaw, J. F. Meek, L. K. Anderson, G. G. Andrews, L. A. Parrish, James Montgomery.

Township Committeemen were named as follows:

Adams—Robert Daugherty.
Bedford—T. B. Tidball
Bethlehem—M. Crawford.
Crawford—I. D. Luke.
Clark—T. H. Glover.
Franklin—Dr. A. M. Henderson.
Jackson—George Hill.
Jefferson—Matthew Markley.
Keene—J. C. Milligan.
Lafayette—D. R. Culberson.
Linton—T. J. McCartney.
Mill Creek—Joseph Finley.
Monroe—A. A. Crooks.
New Castle—R. S. Hull.
Oxford—Wm. Cole.
Perry—Chas. Cullison.
Pike—S. F. Chaney.
Tiverton—E. E. Day.
Tuscarawas—J. K. Johnson.
Virginia—J. G. Baughman.
Washington—G. W. Huff.
White Eyes—Will Boyd.

Silver Wedding.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Starkey was celebrated at their residence, South of Roscoe, on Thursday, April 10, their friends and relatives giving them a complete surprise. Early in the morning Charles Starkey, of Zanesville, Ohio, stepped in very unexpectedly, and while greetings were being exchanged, all absorbed in conversation, a knock at the door called for response, which disclosed to them a son W. C. Starkey, and wife, of Nebraska, whose coming had been unexpected and unnoticed. Until this moment no thought of what was in store for them had been surmised, and before explanations could be made the the House had been taken possession of by many who but a few hour before had been separated by many miles. Submitting to the powers that seemed to be, the subjects of surprise became resigned and expressing thanks for the many valuable tokens of appreciative friendship that weighted a large centre table until it seemed to groan under its heavy burden, gave the guest full privilege and liberty. Being now bent upon outdoing what had already been done a bountifully supplied table was soon relieved of a great burden and all seemed to be anxious to give it all sympathy in their power. After a general good time the close approach of night dispersed the crowd as they had seemed to come, leaving kind regards and never to be forgotten thankful hearts. W. C.

CANNON BALL LINE

Jefferson and New Castle Townships with Their Subscriptions

Warsaw, April 15.

Editor of The Age.—Jefferson township has, we believe, raised about the amount required of her, and New Castle near the same We have a few mossbacks that give nothing, but you could count them up on the fingers of one hand. There is another lot somewhat larger, that have subscribed about fifty cents for each acre of land they own. And yet our folks here, in spite of all these drawbacks, raised about the amount required. The books are not all in, so we can not give the precise figures. Bethlehem township is coming grandly to the front. Now bring up your switch end Coshocton, and let us have the railroad from Coshocton to Mt. Vernon this summer.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

Is Pete Owens Responsible for the Death of the Unknown? — Arrested, Charged with his Murder and Bound Over to Court.

Peter Owens, who was employed on the railroad here last summer, about the time of the death of the unknown man who was found north-east of here, along the railroad, dead, was arrested as stated in last week's Age, and brought here and placed in jail. As also stated, he boarded with Mary Hoselton in this town, while working here. The preliminary examination was held before Justice Cantwell in the Court Room on last Monday, and lasted the greater part of the day. Many startling developments were made and much evidence accumulated, which will trouble the defense to brush away.

Prosecuting Attorney A. H. Stilwell prosecuted on behalf of the State and Attorney Samuel Nicholas was the prisoner's counsel.

Owens is a well dressed man about five feet and eight inches in height, probably 27 years old, light complexion, dark curly hair and a cast in right eye, being the most prominent characteristics one would notice at first glance. All through the direct and cross examination he exhibited nonchalance, except when some very damaging testimony was given, when he would turn pale.

Mrs Hoselton was placed on the witness stand and the evidence she gave was in substance as follows:

Pete Owens had boarded with her last July; he had come home one night very late, and next morning she had noticed his appearance, which indicated a hard fight the night before. He had blood on his shirt sleeves and bosom, and his face was cut and bruised; when asked about it he said "we laid one man away last night where he'll never lay hands on us any more, or anyone else either, for that matter. Its where he ought to have been long ago, the —— —— hypocrite." Mrs. Hoselton then testified that he went to bed soon after breakfast, and she saw him no more until three o'clock in the afternoon, when she sent the girl upstairs to do the chamber work, and Owens, who, it seems, was still in a ferocious mood, ordered her to leave the room, and she obeyed; Mrs. Hoselton then went upstairs and was also ordered down, when she asked him if he knew to whom he was talking he replied with an oath, "I do." That night he ordered his clothes packed in haste and decamped, but returned the next night, but left on the following morning, and Mrs. Hoselton saw him no more until last Monday morning at the preliminary trial, although he had written to her since.

Annie Shaw, the girl who works at the boarding house was next called and her testimony corroborated Mrs. Hoselton's to a remarkable degree with one or two additions. She said that when she went up stairs to sweep the room, that she saw Owens sitting on the bed counting money which he held in his right hand and was checking it off with the fingers of his left. The papers of the coroner were admitted to evidence. The evidence was considered of such importance that Justice Cantwell bound the prisoner over to await the action of the grand jury, in the sum of $5,000, in default of which Owens was remanded to jail where he is at present.

On Monday afternoon two gentlemen from New Philadelphia came to Coshocton. One of them was John Schwab, and the other was Mr. Samuel Minnig, editor of the Deutsche Beobachter, a German Democratic paper of that town They came to identify the clothing of the dead man. An Age representative immediately hunted them up and gleaned some very valuable information from them. They identified the clothes as belonging to a Mr. Samuel Bileng of New Philadelphia, and Mr. Schwab stated that Bileng once left his revolver in his (Mr. Schwab's) care, and that the revolver found beside the dead man was that identical revolver. Mr. Schwab further stated that Bileng, when he left New Philadelphia, had about $60 or $70 in his possession.

On Wednesday afternoon a reporter went around to the jail to see if he could find from Mr. Owens, any palliating circumstances, to connect with this account On reaching the Jail, the reporters were admitted by Mr. Webb, the gentlemanly assistant of Sheriff Miller, and found McNeely and Welsh the other occupants of the jail, pacing up and down in front of their cells but Mr. Owens was nowhere to be seen. He was in his cell, and was with difficulty persuaded out. "First and foremost," said he, "before I shall consent to talk with you I must know if you are reporters." Upon assuring him that we were nothing of the kind, only newsgatherers, he said "because if you are I shall not talk with you, in all due respect to you and the object of your interview."

Some little conversation was held with him, and the drift of his conversation seemed to indicate a desire to keep the matter away from the newspapers as much as possible He vehemently denies all knowledge of the affair, and seemed to be particularly anxious to know the opinion of the public upon the matter. He evidently had in his mind Cincinnati's treatment of murderers and when assured that the news papers were anxious to see him out of jail if innocent or hanged if guilty, he seemed to feel easier and more disposed to talk.

All should await the outcome before forming an opinion as to his guilt as he seems sincere when he talks of his aged mother far away among the Scotland hills and he may be innocent.

Married.

On the 10 of April, Harvey Cramlet to Miss Ella Ferrel at the residence of the bride's parents in White Eyes township, this county.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. ... Miller, on Thursday, April 16, by Rev. R. Humhour, Mr. Edward Carpenter, of Bloomfield, and Miss Rebecca Miller, of Chili, Ohio,

Roscoe

Arborday will be observed by the school here by planting trees with appropriate ceremonies. One tree is to be planted for each grade, eleven in all, and a nice time is anticipated.

Business is booming in this little town especially the marriage business. Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. John Stypes and Miss Libbie Darr.

Mr. J. Williams and Sons have erected a telephone wire between their mill and provision store and any day you can hear Mr. Williams indulging in mild profanity as follows, Hello — Hellow — Hellow — Helloh HELL.

Mr. William Maxwell let loose 5 carrier pigeons that had been sent from Steubenville, last Saturday week. Three of them steered directly for home one of them reached home in 1 hour and 15 minutes, another in 1 hour and 20 minutes, and the third some time after. Two of them have never been heard from

Mr. Wm. H. Crawford our genial political friend, has been rewarded with an office. He was elected member of the school board last Monday, and this will partially compensate him for the defeat of last fall.

Mr. W. Starkey, editor of the Pawnee Banner, of Pawnee City, Nebraska, a red hot Greenback paper, is visiting his father, near Roscoe Brother Starkey we greet you—Ker Chug.

The water was drawn off from the Lewisville level of the canal in order to clear away the sand bars and other debris which accumulated during the "late unpleasantness," when the ragin' canawl got on the big bender.

Mr. Blanchard, a young shoemaker from Coshocton, has set up in business in this place, in the shop occupied by Hickson at the end of the bridge. He is an enterprising young fellow and will prosper.

After much sweating, swearing, tugging and twisting, Charley Geidle and Lon Clark succeeded in building a hitching rack in front of Hack & Geidle's store this week.

Mrs. Burns is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harrison this week.

Transfers of Real Estate.

James Davis to Henry Dawson, 51 acres in Virginia tp. for $2,000.

Jame B. Ingraham to Frank A. Wernett, lot no. 1 in Ingraham's subdivision of lot no. 1 in Lamb's addition to Coshocton, for $500.

Julia A. Board to Joseph A. Jennings, quit claim to 100 acres in Tuscarawas tp., for $1,500.

Wm. S. Markley to Abraham Funk, part of lot no. 24 in Warsaw, for $300.

John A. Lonsinger to C. L. Lonsinger, 80 acres in Tiverton tp. for $1,800.

Jacob H. Ross to Francis N. Barnes 3-4 of an acre in Franklin tp., for $125

W. W. Sibley to Benjamin Wiggins and T. D. Workman, 80 acres in Linton tp. for $2,000.

Wm. Darr to George Low, 40 acres in Clark tp. for $1,050.

Noah W Buxton to Cordelia Fitzgerald, 150 acres in New Castle tp. for $2,130.

Clerk's Office.

Elizabeth Fowler et al, vs. Samuel Jones, et al. Petition for partition.

Mary A. Goodhue vs. James Goodhue. Petition for divorce; grounds, willful absence and gross neglect of duty.

Secure one of those five dollar suits at Berkowitz.'

A silver spoon with each pound of Baking Powder at J. K. Johnson's.

Attention, G. A. R.! You can get the best blue suit for the least money at Berkowitz.'

Meals at all hours, 25 cents, at Matthew's Restaurant, east of Post-office.

The gold and silver shirt is a surprise to our competitors. It takes the cake. Cheapest and best fitting in the city. Equal to a custom made shirt. D. M. Moore, Sole Agent, Schaich Block,

Preserved Cherries, Plums and Pineapples, Peach Butter and Red Raspberry Jam in Bulk at J. K. Johnson's.

Don't buy a spring suit, hat or any furnishing goods, until you have seen the immense stock and the low prices at Berkowitz.'

Flowers! Flowers!

Call at the Singer Office, for plants and bulbs. Tube rose bulbs on hand now. Apr. 5-3t.

Ladies, you must see those elegant children's suits, $2 and upwards, at Berkowitz'.

The Imported Perchen Norman Stallion, owned by R. W. Boyd & Co., will stand for the season at the stable of R. W. Boyd, two miles north of Canal Lewisville. Samuel Morrow, keeper.

Smoke the extra dry cigar, for sale at Mathew's Restaurant.

The best line of white and fancy shirts in the city at Berkowitz.'

Call and get a Brunswick collar, the latest thing out; all the dudes are wearing them. At D. M. Moore's, the leading Gents' Furnisher, Schaich Block.

Go to Beall's for Jersey Gloves. No one else got so good stock. 19-2t

Fine cut Tobacco, 40 cents per pound, at J. K. Johnson's.

The best quality, the best fitting and the best made suits can be secured at the lowest prices, at Berkowitz.'

The third invoice of Neckwear at D. M. Moore's, Schaich Block, just received. We lead the trade in the Neckwear business.

One thousand yards best Indigo Blue Print remnants at 6¼ cents. Selby, Moore & Caton.

New Goods at Beall's. 19-2t

Genuine Maple Syrup in gallon cans and in bulk at J. K. Johnson's.

Grand display of Dry Goods this week at Selby, Moore & Caton's Palace Store.

See Beall's Hosiery. No one in town keeps such stock. 19-2t

A silver knife and fork with three bars of soap at J. K. Johnson's. 19-2t

All the latest styles of hats, cheap, at Berkowitz.'

Go and see the latest invoice of beautiful Wall Paper and Window Shades that arrived to-day at Glover's. The finest in the city. Trimmed free.

Can get better Corsets at Beall's for the money than any place else in town. 19-2t

The most elegant variety of spring goods at Berkowitz.'

FISH.

Herring and Mackerel, cheaper than ever, at J. K. Johnson's.

Macrame Cord at Beall's. 19-2t

NEW MILLINERY.

At Jas. Duncan's, Main Street, next door to Dr. Anderson's Drug Store. It will be to your advantage to give them a call.

A good boy's suit sold for $3.50 at Berkowitz.'

Come to The Age office with your Job Work.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Printed in this paper by special arrangement with the author.

SEALED UNTO HIM.*

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIES AND RIME," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

BURIED IN THE LAKE.

The Danite leader now beckoned our party to move on, bidding us leave the heaviest log-chain behind. The horsemen merely glanced at each other. They knew what was to be done, and swung into the saddle as one man. No Cromwell ever had troopers as obedient as were these ignorant and desperate followers of the false religion of America.

If you who have this question to settle, sooner or later, will only stop to consider a moment, you will observe that all such monstrosities that poor human nature has brought forth on the earth have two elements for their establishment: one, the father of them, a learned man, a superficially learned man, a "crank;" and the other element, a densely ignorant mass of mankind to sow his doctrines among, to mature and maintain them when they take root. And these two elements are never wanting in recruits. They never will be while ignorance is so general upon the earth. Of course you cannot destroy the leaders, the "cranks," men crazy over their books and about religion. But you can utterly destroy their following. Plow up the field, cultivate it, and the tares will perish in time. This is the remedy. Cultivation, intelligence, education, association with others, have already done much, broken off the hard corners of this rock in the sea. But let ignorance prevail there as it did thirty years ago, and you will see renewed all the ferocity, cruelty and crime in the name of the new religion which we knew them.

Destroy these people by war! No, you cannot destroy them by war, even though you pour in a million of men with guns and all the treasure of this universe. You might kill every one, and confiscate their homes. And yet in Europe — anywhere, everywhere where there is ignorance to follow and fanaticism to lead—you might see a Mormon church.

Our train moved on. The horsemen galloped alongside for a little way after having had some silent orders from their giant and iron hearted leader. Then they rode back. Then they galloped up the hill alongside again and so remained until we had reached the top of the steep hill. Here we were ordered to stop and wait till we were permitted again to move.

No one had spoken to the girl to say goodbye. Hope had been kindled in her heart. She had even taken a step forward to fall in with the moving train and follow us as we started. A heavy hand fell on her shoulder. She lifted her eyes to the missionary's, let them fall, and stopped as still as the dead.

When we turned about in the full white moonlight on the hill, and looked after the horsemen as they dashed down the hill in a cloud of dust, we could see but dimly. But a man who professed to see clearly said the giant was leading the girl down toward his own camp, and the ugly coffin hiding away there in the shadows.

One of the horsemen rode down to the mouth of the little stream where it fell into the lake, and drew a boat that was hidden there up into a little cove formed by the waters of the brook. We could not see the girl now. What was being done?

As said before, we could see but indistinctly now. By and by some one saw the monstrous giant once more pushing his long black box before him down toward the lake and pointed out the dark object to others. The horsemen rode some distance leisurely behind, with their hats in their hands. The girl still could not be seen.

At length a dreadful suspicion crept over us, and a cry burst from one of the women. She wrung her hands and cried hysterically that the girl was in the coffin and they were going to bury her in the lake.

The woman was silenced with effort and all stood still as death, waiting, waiting. The moon seemed only a little way above us, only a little higher on the hill, and oh, how pale and pitiful and sorrowing she seemed! The far white mountains of snow shone like silver in this fairest and brightest of silver moons on this side of Arabia!

Why were we compelled to stand here and see all this? Surely they meant to murder this girl and make us witness it, in order to spread terror and the fear of their power to "judge" and to execute judgment through the land. Here was a murder to which the murderers demanded witnesses and compelled the presence of witnesses. But still, as I said before, we could see but dimly. The moon was fast sinking now. How slow and deliberate they were! The barrow evidently had a heavier load than ever before. The heavy chain and the chained girl. It moved heavily, slowly, through the great white girdle of gleaming salt; slowly and sadly, like a funeral march.

At last it touched the edge of the dark waters. All was still, as silent as death. It seemed that some one of these men—two of them, three of them all of them—must disobey this giant and monster, kill him if necessary, and save this beautiful girl. Even if they had no sense of chivalry or virtue or valor in them to help the helpless, it did seem as if some one, any one, all might do almost anything to protect her, save her.

Two men rode up, dismounted, held their horses by the long tethers as they stood there fretful and knee deep in the gleaming girdle of salt, and so hastily lifted the long black coffin into the boat.

The giant solemnly and silently took his place at the oar and began to move slowly and certainly toward the dark and desolate rock in the deeps of the lake.

The horsemen remounted, drew back, hats in hand, and so sat with the others looking out at the collossal and silent boatman with his singular freight. Was he rowing to reach this rock where the corpse had been seen loaded down in the water with chains? Would he not go on, on, on, anywhere and escape these brutal and blind followers, who believed him a saint engaged in maintaining the Church of Jesus Christ?

But these men did not doubt for a moment. They sat their horses in a crescent about the head of the lake and looked on, tranquil, silent, reverent, waiting with certainty the signal of death.

Never fell there such a silence. Never was there such a murder as this. Far away above the gleaming towers of snow the stars stood trembling. The moon began to hasten away and slide swiftly down in the West behind the hill on which we stood, as if terrified and refusing to be a witness.

The man saw that the moon was going away and he dipped his oars with rapid and heavy stroke. The water shone, sparkled, flashed in the moon. The oars dug into the heavy water as if dipping into a sea of molten silver.

The boat struck the rock. You could hear it grate and grind, all was so still.

The giant stood up in the boat a second, then with his broad right hand slowly drew back the covering and looked down as if into a face in the coffin. He was so tall, his form seemed like a tree. He cast a black and frightful shadow far out over the sea of silver in the fading moonlight. The mounted Danites loomed up in the mirage larger than heroic statues. At last the colossal figure in the boat leaned over, caught up something long and heavy from the coffin, stood up tall and terrible with it poised in the air, high above his head in his two mighty hands. He poised it there a moment, dallied with it, heaved his great heavy shoulders, arch his long, strong back, surged to and fro in the failing silvery moonlight, and then with vehement force threw it forward into the depths of the dark water with all the tremendous power that was in him.

The waters dashed up, gleamed like a sunrise, closed over, and all was still again in the heart of the great dark waters of death.

A hand was lifted to us from the nearest horseman, and we passed on over the hill right in the face of the great round moon now settling down to rest in the far-off Sierras, and I never saw the place again for twenty years or more.

And when I did return I came from London to write up the trial of Brigham Young, who was then being tried for his life for complicity in murders like this.

By good fortune I found an old friend of mine was then Governor of the Territory. We searched this spot for the skeletons; but, as before observed, the lake had so filled that, while we found the buried rock and little island, we found nothing more.

I told a Mormon elder this story, and he earnestly assured me that all we had seen of the end was the mirage—a delusion; that the missionary did not drown the girl, but had taken this course to save her from the Danites; that he had left the girl in the willows, to fall in with the next train that came by, while he had thrown only his bag of bread or something of that sort with the chain about it into the black waters of the great lake. Let us hope so, at least.

(THE END.)

*Copyrighted by C. H. Miller, 1884.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1884.—It is only a few days ago that I read in one of the papers the story of a miner who was going to the oil regions with a cart-load of dynamite. Going down hill the pole broke and his horse ran away; the road was rough and the explosion tender; the unfortunate driver was seated on a can of O'Donovan Rossi's panacea for British misrule. Every moment he expected to find himself skipping past the moon and on his way to the planets Jubiter and Saturn. Just then the wagon ran into a tree, and he could almost feel his left leg on its way to the equator and his head making a Bee line for the North pole. When he found himself left by the road side, and saw the horses and wagon, or what remained of it, dashing down hill to sure destruction. Well, since I have read the full details of the Cincinnati riot, I feel a good deal like the man in that wagon. Can we have such a riot in New York? Why not? In my memory there have been a dozen. Three of them have been particularly fatal. In the Forrest riot about fifty were killed and about two hundred wounded. In the riot of the 12th of July, 1871, where the Catholics attacked the Orangemen on the 6th Avenue, about fifty were killed and between two hundred and three hundred wounded. In the riot of 1863 the mob held possession of the city for three days, and the killed were between three and four hundred, and the wounded 1500. Col. O'Brien, of the 9th regiment, who had been endeavoring to restore order, was seized by the mob and hung to a lamppost, and then cut down, and trampled to pieces by the murderous brutes that surrounded him. The ringleaders of that riot are alive in New York today. Later on I saw the communist Schwab, who is now hand in glove with Herr Most, and the incendiary ruffians who assemble every Sunday at Germania Hall to denounce American freedom, and raise the cry of anarchy and murder. Well, I saw this same Schwab lead on a lot of ruffians like himself, hatchet in hand, to attack the police, but by the time Schwab got through with his attack, he looked like a bad advertisement for a second-class slaughter house. Mr. Schwab has contented himself from that day to this with advertising others to sail in and try it. He lets out the job of active participation to fellows who wish for novel experiences. Yankee clubs have knocked more good horse sense into his thick head than he ever had before; but if there was a chance of any success Mr. Schwab and his kind would try it again. And the knowledge of what they have done, and what they can do, makes me feel like the man on the wagon.

Our population is not far from a million and a quarter; perhaps rather more than less, and out of this there is a body amounting to 20,000 which is recognized as a criminal class; that is, men and women living outside the pale of the law—20 regiments banded solidly together by the indissoluble bond of crime. The loot of this city—two thousand millions of dollars. Where is there a prize in the country, or on the entire continent, like it? It is true we have 3,000 police, but they have been in many cases recruited from the class they are called to repress. Our better reliance is in a well trained militia—no mere holiday soldiers. One thing is very certain, and that is, there will be no blank cartridges. If there is a row, I hope Herr Most, Justice Schwab and O'Donovan Rossa will all be there, and after the first round or two, we would have the assurance of peace for six months at least, and these reformers would have a chance to try their hands at reforming in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Oswald Ottendöffer, of the Staats Zeitung, is trying to get an injunction to keep the big Brooklyn bridge from putting their railroad switch in front of his office. He thinks New York will not be benefitted by a closer connection with our young sister over the river and I don't blame him. They certainly are acting very badly in the City of Churches. You recollect that Flatbush, a suburb of Brooklyn, was recently thrown into a convulsion by the marriage of a boy and girl who jumped over a broomstick. But the latest revelation of domestic infelicity is even more remarkable than that. One evening last December a couple of young men and women, belonging to very respectable families, started out for a walk. They walked through Greenwood Cemetery, and finally brought up in a saloon, where these respectable young people drank whisky punches till 11 o'clock at night. They all got drunk, and the girls proposed, so say the boys, that they get married. They soon found a minister, who for two miserable dollars was willing to get out of his bed near midnight and marry two drunken girls to two drunken boys. It is one of the most shocking things that has occurred in that city for many a day, that a man calling himself a christian minister, for such a miserable reward, should blast the prospects of four young people for life. It is almost a pity that the whipping post is abolished; if ever there was a case where strict and impartial justice would amend it, it is on the back of this so-called Christian minister.

The shooting of a notorious woman by a lunatic in her own house, in the most fashionable quarter of the town, is the fitting close of an ill-spent life. It almost reads like a romance. A few years ago this adventuress came to New York as the mistress of a Wal Street broker; cast off by him, she was lucky enough to secure as a husband one of the most reputable men on the street. She got up a flirtation with a notorious roue at the opera, and ran away with him to Europe. There she plunged into all the excesses of the French capital, and in a few months she ran through a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars At last her lover cast her off, and she shot him Still her good fortune did not desert her, for she was never prosecuted on account of the scandal it would cause, in which many prominent men were involved; but it is useless to follow her infamous life. Altogether she must have spent a quarter of a million of dollars, but like many of her class; she dies miserably at last.

A case of retribution took place last week, of which we lack the final chapter. A lithographer by the name of Frederic Weiber was married two years ago to a very charming young woman, and the wedding was one of the social events of the season. After a round of festivity, which took in Coney Island, Long Branch and Saratoga, Mr. Weiber and his young wife settled down to housekeeping and having a good time generally. Everything was as smooth as a mill pond; it was "love among the roses," and all that sort of thing, until one unhappy Saturday afternoon, when Frederic's father introduced to his son a golden haired maid of Germany. In truth she was fair to look upon, and at first sight Frederick went head over heels in love, but Mrs. Weiber, happy in her first love, never dreamed of danger, but kept inviting the fair stranger to her house. She did not have to invite her twice, for she came frequently and sometimes oftener.

At last one day Mrs. Weiber had been out shopping. The day was cold, and when she got home the door was locked; she was shivering and exceedingly uncomfortable, so she kicked the door violently, and at last it was opened by her husband, who looked very sheepish. Inside, comfortably seated by the stove and looking as innocent as a little lamb, was her faithless friend, Miss Gretchen "What did you lock that door for?" asked Mrs. Weiber, blowing her fingers. "To keep out the cat," said Weiber, without a blush. "Well, sir," said the indignant Mrs. Weiber, "you may keep your house and your cat," and out she bounced and went to her mother's. Straightway she commenced investigating, which not only resulted in the discovery that Mr. Weiber had been doing very naughty things, but that he had actually married the golden haired Teuton and was keeping a very nice house with her not more than three blocks away. Mrs. Weiber's blood was up and she went for him and a week ago she landed him in State's prison for two years. She then turned her attention to her rival, and got out a warrant for her arrest for knowingly marrying a married man. And she swears by the great hookey that she will send her to Sing Sing to keep company with her recreant husband. Mrs. Weiber is not a safe woman to deal with.

It has been a bad week in the stock market. Lambs are scarce but bears are numerous. The weather is execrable, and seems likely to continue.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

NEW YORK, April 14.—The aspect of affairs in the city is not pleasant. The Mayor is accused of bad conduct by one of the Commissioners of Accounts. Every department of the city government develops a degree of rottenness which is perfectly appalling. The police, from the commissioners down to patrolmen, are under suspicion, and robberies of the most flagrant character are committed in open day. The police superintendent assures us that there is no protection against the bunco swindler, for whenever he arrests him a convenient magistrate discharges him if he can only exhibit a five dollar bill, which, perhaps, he may have fleeced from some unhappy victim only five minutes before. In the meantime, a portentious rumble comes up from the slums, where dwell the unkempt and the unwashed—sixty-four thousand of them, crowded into two wards.

The morning papers give a circumstantial account of a wealthy gentleman robbed on his own door—lucky man that he was not murdered. He is attached to the Turkish Embassy. Suppose General Wallace had been attacked on the steps of the American Legation by Turkish robbers. What a howl would have gone up from the American press about the savagery of the Turks! Here the papers, one and all, mention it as an article of current news; but it seems to awaken neither horror nor astonishment. Let a stage be robbed in Montana, or a gambler be shot at Leadville, and we get the news with leaded head lines; while an assassination or a robbery in New York is looked upon as a matter of course, and excites no special remark.

Mr. P. J. Maguire, at the labor demonstration at the Cooper Institute, informed his hearers that the time had not yet come for force; but intimated very strongly that it was not very far off; but Herr Most says that now is the accepted hour, and Justice Schwab cries, "So mote it be;" and in the background is a discontented army ready to seize the first opportunity to murder and to rob.

Then the political devil has entered into us; more terrible than those that were cast into the swine that ran down into the sea. Strange things have happened here. Only a few years ago he who now sits in the Presidential chair was an all potent factor in our New York politics. In a city overwhelmingly Democratic, he handled his "Republican Forlorn Hope" with a skill, time and again, wrung victory from the jaws of defeat and secured a share of the public plunder for his henchmen, which made his name a rallying cry for his friends, and a wholesome terror to his foes. Up to the point of his accession to the Presidency, he religiously stuck to the motto, "Stick to the friends who stick to you," but unfortunately for himself, since he came into power he has wasted his strength in trying to conciliate enemies, who refuse to be conciliated and in doing this he has alienated his old time friends, and it is safe to say that no 306 will stand by him till the death at Chicago. New York and our sister city, Brooklyn, are torn in pieces by factions. Gall and wormwood are their drink. Old lines are obliterated, and everybody seems ready to go into partnership with anybody to beat somebody else. What makes the political problem more difficult to solve is that in the disturbing elements the Democrats are quite as badly troubled as the Republicans. Whats the matter when the prime favorites of Tammany, Spinola and O'Grady have to take a back seat in the Tammany wigwam. What a change, too, is here. Governor Cleveland, who struck the people of New York like a cyclone, will go into retirement the most unpopular Democrat between Chatauqua and Montalk. And Theodore Roosevelt, a young aristocrat, whose name was scarcely known outside his own balliwick when Governor Cleveland was elected, bids fair to be his successor, and if he is not, he ought to be

There is a Temperance Evangelist here by the name of Gibbs; the same individual who a short time ago indulged in so much gush about the famous Billy McGlory. Billy thought Gibbs could save him from the penitentiary; in fact, Gibbs gave Billy to understand that if he would sign the pledge, that he, Gibbs, would go to the magistrate and demand his release at once. Billy thought the job as good as done; but the magistrate sat down on Gibbs, and Billy went to Blackwell's Island. Gibbs was conquored but not subdued. So, determined to create a sensation, he got an indifferent actor by the name of Fleming to act a scene of delirium tremens at the Cooper Institute on Sunday night. Fleming was only too happy to have an opportunity to show off his bad acting; but Brother Gibbs was also happy to have such an effective aid. Half of our temperance meetings here might be mistaken for an indifferent minstrel show, and Gibbs' performance at Cooper Institute is about on a level with the worst exhibition of the Salvation Army. I am not at all thin skinned, and with humility I confess it, not over pious, but if the choice must be made between such Sunday night temperance exhibitions and a well regulated liquor saloon, by all means let us have the saloon. It seems to be the misfortune of many of the best causes that they are afflicted with parasites who cling to them till they destroy them, and it is the curse of the temperance cause in New York that it is represented by a pack of windbags, tramps and charlatans who have brought it into contempt.

It may be true that your Wall street broker is not a model man in all respects. He will go to dog fights and cock fights and man fights. He will get tight as bricks, out of business hours, and just for a flyer he will try a dash of poker, baccarat, or faro But if he is a member of the stock exchange, and you put up your money with him, it is safe only as you order him to sell or buy. He may get drunk, or he may gamble, but he won't steal your money. If you are foolish enough to buy or sell he will take his commission every time; but you know just exactly what that is before you go in. Not so with the female brokers, who sometimes attempt to do business for their sex on the street or off of it. I know it is not a kind thing to say, but it is true, I never knew one female broker who was not a dead beat or a swindler. There have been successful business women in New York plenty of them.

One was borne to her last resting place last week of whom her descendants may be proud for generations to come. I refer to Mrs. Ottendorffer of the Staats Zeitung. But the women who have been successful in New York have invariably been successful in legitimate business. I know of three sisters, maidens all, who for years have conducted one of the most successful businesses in New York, who started without capital or friends or education, and have worked their way against the most tremendous odds to honor and to fortune. Such women as these are the salt of the earth; their lives are an honor and a blessing; but when a woman becomes a speculator, look out for her, for she invariably winds up as a swindler. We have one in prison now awaiting trial—one of the meanest thieves that ever disgraced the calender. She sought out widows and unprotected women, and under pretense of doing them a great service, let them into a little corner on stocks, where there was not the slightest chance of loss, and the profits were a thousand per cent., double their money for them in two days, &c., &c., &c. In this way she fleeced widows and orphans, who now are reduced to starvation. She dressed in the best and fed on the best, wore diamonds and silks and laces, and rode in her carriage, while some of her victims did not know where to get a meal or to lay their heads. They may send her to the penitentiary, but that will not bring back to those ruined ones the money that is lost. My advice is, don't gamble in stocks at all, but if you do don't choose a woman for your broker. "And don't you forget it."

Gold is slipping away from us; the steamers have carried away about three millions already since April 1st. The produce exchange has been like a powder magazine since the tumble in wheat at Chicago.

Parson Newman holds the fort at Madison Avenue and Deacon Ranney refuses to be comforted. The doctors sham resignation was an amusing performance to those who knew him, still the farce worked well and the curtain rang with applause.

The weather is simply vile. Our hopes are raised one day by bright sunshine, only to wake up the next to find ourselves drifting toward the North Pole, or much nearer to Greenland's icy mountains than to India's coral strand. Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 30.—When Mr. Greeley advised the young men of the East to go West and grow up with the country, he scarcely realized the rapidity with which those young men must have attained the status of manhood, if they began to keep pace with the growth of this wonderful West. As if in a twinkling the condition of the face of this new Northwest has been metamorphosed from the barren heritage of the red man to the busy home of human progress and advanced civilization. As I have said in former letters to you, Oregon is just now attracting more attention than any other of the States or Territories of the West, not only on account of her climate, but of her varied and inexhaustible resources, which in time, and a very short time, too, will make her the peer of the richest or proudest of our galaxy of commonwealth. Nowhere on the face of the globe have so many people of limited means being afforded better and more varied opportunities of lifting themselves beyond the reach of dependence and exalting their condition to one of comfort, thrift and actual luxury, than right here in Oregon, where the demand for the mechanic and the laborer, as well as the capitalist and the husbandman, is incessant and eager. As these pour in, each man contributing his capital, whether it be money or labor, the demand for the facilities of transportation inaugurate the system of railroads that are in a very few years to enable the citizen to visit any considerable town or city in the State.

In taking my farewell of this city, which in my humble opinion is to be the hub of the commercial universe, I must at the risk of repetition say that Portland abounds in those indications of wealth and enterprise that are a necessity in the progress of all large communities. Its well built houses, its spacious and elegant residences in which are displayed all the evidences of refinement of older cities, its magnificent harbor and its splendid advantages of location insure for her a place among the first and finest cities of the continent. She has got so much the start of all her would be rivals upon the Sound to allow herself to be overtaken, and the system of railroad connections with her immense oceanic commerce are beyond the power of any present imagination.

From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk to San Francisco, the star of commercial empire will take its way through Portland—and Portland alone. Her boom is a genuine one, and will know no discouragement so long as the character of immigration thither continues to be of the same spirited class of inhabitants who have already done so much toward the development of this immense region.

My next communication will be sent from somewhere in Idaho, whither the fates have tempted me to sojourn for a time, though I am some inclined to the belief that no word-painting can invest that portion of the country with the interest that has attached to my visit to this great and noble State of Oregon. From Idaho our mission will extend to Colorado, from which exhaustive descriptions of that magnificent State and its resources will be regularly transmitted, which will include the history of the preparations now being made to cut through the Rocky Mountain Divide and add to the world's wealth the vast mineral deposits known to exist throughout that region. This tremendous enterprise has already enlisted the encouragement of nearly all the great capitalists of the country, and the aid of Congress has been invoked to extend a helping hand to tunnel the great Divide so as to shorten the distance by hundreds of miles between the seaboard and the Pacific coast. The accomplishment of this great work is only a question of a very few years, and its progress will be watched with an interest that has been vouchsafed to no public enterprise of modern times.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

AUSTIN, Texas, April 7.—MY DEAR MEEK:—I anticipated being able to give you a description of parts of old Mexico and Texas, but my whole time has been engrossed. Col. Dwyer will be in Coshocton the end of this week. Delano & Dwyer have purchased over 8,000 cattle and about 170 horses (to use on the drive). I have for Thomson & Mizer 500 cattle and a few horses Our cattle and horses go in Delano & Dwyer's drove. This is a fine farming country, and land dirt cheap. Wheat, barley, oats and corn look good and well advanced, especially two hundred miles below here.

Well to give you an idea of the general advancement of the season, the flies are quite a nuisance. None go armed here unless hunting a racket, and they are, as a rule, successful The people here are full of go and aggressiveness, and business is booming. I predict for Texas a great future.

Yours truly, A. H. THOMSON.

A Correction.

In THE AGE of the 29th ult. "Lillian" says that the citizens of New Castle are raising subscriptions for the building of a church which is to be the property of Disciples and Spiritualists.

We seriously object to this kind of news, because,

1st, It is incorrect. The citizens of New Castle and vicinity propose to purchase and repair the old Episcopal Church building for the purpose of a town hall, to be used by the G. A. R. I. O. G. T., religious meetings, etc., and no doubt both the Disciples and Spiritualists will seek to avail themselves of this privilege.

2d, We object to this style of reporting because it places the Disciples of Christ before the public in an attitude which they are not desirous of assuming, for the language of "Lillian" implies that the Disciples and Spiritualists have so much interest in common that they have decided to build a house of worship for their joint use. No two systems of religious faith and practice can be more diametrically opposite than those held by the two organizations above mentioned. They are irreconcilably antagonistic. The Disciples of Christ regard the whole system of so-called Spiritualism with its divers "manifestations" as being a gigantic humbug, if, indeed, it be no worse.

They believe in spiritual manifestations made to the Church of God in the broad light of day, under the open face of heaven, and in the presence of thousands of witnesses. When the Lord Jesus Christ sent down the Spirit of the Everlasting Father into the church to abide there as teacher, guide and comforter forever.

Will "Lillian" please be a little more careful in her correspondence hereafter? F. M. CUMMINGS.

MT. VERNON people got scared by an engine whistle that got out of order and could not be made to stop whistling. They thought it was a riot alarm.

CHARLES DRAKE, a Mt. Vernon house painter, left his family and eloped with a young woman named Dora Stinger. We fervently hope she may prove a stinger to his Drakeship's conscience.

MICHAEL COX, near Mt. Vernon, has become insane and will have to be removed to the asylum.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

THE Baltimore American predic that since the Democrats have defea ed the Ohio wool tariff, and next f the Ohio wool tariff will defeat t Democrats.

LOUISVILLE Courier Journal (Dem If the Republican ticket is not Arth and Lincoln, which seems likeliest, will be Edmund and Lincoln. M Blaine will be just strong enough miss it.

THE Republicans of a majority the States hold their conventions t month, which will keep the politic pot boiling quite vigorously for awhi Then come the National Conventio when it will boil over.

COLONEL A. K. MCCLURE, of Ph adelphia, rides in a closed carria drawn by two handsome gray hors driven by a coachman dressed in most correct cut of livery. An elega monogram adorns the doors.

FOR the first time in its hist Wisconsin votes this year for Pr dent, Governor and other State o cers, Congressmen and Legislat the last of whom elect a Unit States Senator, all on the same b lot.

PENNSYLVANIA has a larger numl of post offices than any other State the Union, and from the five States Illinois, New York, Massachuse Pennsylvania and Ohio more than half of the entire postal revenue is rived.

OLD Mr. Payne says he is not sponsible for the utterances of yo Mr. Payne. The way the people Cleveland voted at the late munici election indicates that they will not held responsible for either of Paynes.

AFTER looking over the Democra field the Macon Telegraph conclu that at present the indications fa the nomination of Cleveland, Fow or Randall for President, and that either of them would prove acceptat to the South.

COMMENTING on the election recently the Atlanta, Ga., Constituti (Dem) said: "There can be no opinions as to the extent of illitera in the South, nor as to its nature, as to the evil results that will from it if it is not remedied, and some sort counteracted by means education."

THE protectionists of Pennsylva who can do nothing toward electin Democratic President, says the Phi delphia Press, are not justified in tempting to set the tune to which Democrats of the Federal Union m dance. Nothing would so become protectionist leaders as modest still and humanity.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR lately hono the memory of his wife's father, W iam Lewis Herndon, by a memor window in St. John's Church, Wa ington, and since then he has had p pared for him from the Navy Depa ment records a history of the her conduct of Herndon, who lost his in 1857 while in command of steamship Central America.

THE Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer co plains that the South is conspicuou ignored in the Democratic Natio Convention for naming President candidates. The editor says "t people are growing restive under t ostracism and the demand for recog tion is increasing. They are tired being made cat's paws, and w can find it in the heart to bla them?"

REBECCA WRIGHT, then a you Quaker girl, gave General Phil She dan the first information that induc him to attack and capture Winchest Sheridan rewarded her first with "the fresh beef she wanted," and afte wards got her a place in the Treasu Department, which she subsequent resigned to marry a Quaker nam Bonsall. Sheridan swore that she w entitled to a pension, and Simon Can eron expressed the opinion that Gen eral Sheridan should have marrie her.

"CARL SCHURZ stroked his bea and through a pair of goggles eyed th three Nautch girls of the Barnu show this morning," says the Philade phia Times. "The girls were to dark to blush, but they hid their brow faces in the tails of the colore mosquito bar stuff that they used a drapery, and waited until Mr. Schur passed on to the sacred white elephan on the floor below." It was the firs time they ever saw a man who delib erately refused $100,000 and their em barrassment was only natural.

A LETTER from Springfield, O., says "There is not the least chance of Keif er's nomination. Unpopular from th start, he has injured himself by on foolish act after another until now his nomination is impossible. Coming t his district for renomination after being concerned in two investigations, in on of which the committee unanimously reported against him for nepotism, and in the other of which his charges against General Boynton were found not to be sustained, the ex-Speaker is laboring under too heavy a load."

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

OFFICE: MAIN ST., OPERA HOUSE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

IDAHO has thirty six Mormons in the Legislature.

PENNSYLVANIA Democrats have endorsed Mr. Randall.

THE Columbus Sunday Herald is greatly improved, typographically and editorially.

IF THE Blair educational bill passes the House and becomes a law, Ohio will get a total of $1,582,000 from the fund.

FRANKLIN county sends a Sherman delegation to Cleveland, as does Montgomery. Gen. Beatty is a member of the former.

WE commend to our wool grower readers the remarks of Frank Hurd on the subject of the tariff, and then ask them to determine whether or not the arguments made by the Ohio Democrats last fall were hypocritical or not

POIT HOWLAN, a prominent Democrat of Navarre, became despondent over the election returns and committed suicide. Hoagland formerly lived at Newcomerstown and was well known along the line of the Ohio Canal.

THE Democratic National Congressional Committee has ordered a hundred thousand copies of the speech of Frank Hurd in opposition to the restoration of the tariff on wool. They are not for circulation among the Ohio flockmasters, however.

THE Chicago Times says: "Having abandoned, apparently in disgust, the hopeless task of beating a little sense into the brainless head of the creature called the Democratic party. Mr. Henry Watterson is occupying himself in the equally vain amusement of hurling conundrums at the same."

JOHN SHERMAN is not only the business man's candidate, he is the poor man's candidate as well. With Sherman in the Presidential chair, business men will feel safe, trade will continue progressive, and as a consequence labor will find employment at good recompense. Give us Sherman.

THOSE Republicans who are so fearful the United States Senate might be turned over to the Democrats if John Sherman were elected President, would cling to a frizzly chicken with a death like grip rather than let go to pick up a fat turkey. They can live on frizzlies if they desire, but we prefer the turkey when we can get it.

THE Democratic Steubenville Gazette arises to remark: "No party can long be upheld under such a fearful load as the Democratic party of Ohio has had to carry since the shameless barter of a United States Senatorship last January. The first lesson was administered at the spring elections throughout the cities of the State The next will come next fall unless the party purifies itself."

ABOUT a year ago a commission appointed by the Territorial Legislature to select a capital for Dakota, decided upon Bismarck, and for a time there was a great boom in that town and fortunes were made by lucky holders of real estate, but now, the reaction has come, the town has settled down to a dullness that is nauseating, and there is much mourning among unfortunate holders of real estate who refused to unload at fancy figures.

GEN. GRANT visited Washington and remained for two weeks. His presence in the city, says a Washington correspondent, gave "officials and residents an opportunity to pay their respects to the quiet, modest man who has had so large a part in the history of the last twenty years of our national life. Whether dining with the President or at lunch with ladies of the Cabinet, or at the residences of foreign Ambassadors, or private citizens, he has been the central figure in the group. None meet him but to do him honor." Never was a greater mistake made than to think that the memory of his heroism is forgotten by a grateful people.

Grant's name will live in history upon its brightest page,
And will not be forgotten when time is old with age.
His noble deeds of valor his country's flag to save,
Will live in story and in song long as its flag shall wave.

SENATOR SHERMAN tells the New York Tribune that "the Senate work is well advanced. We have sent a good many important bills to the House requiring careful consideration and discussion, among which are the School bill and the bill to fix the mode of the Electoral count. They have not acted on any of them. The more important work of the session, the appropriations and revenues, which are first inaugurated in the House, have not yet come up to us. The newspaper reports of the Danville and Copiah investigations have been meagre. The full publication will be made soon. Any premature discussion of the results of the investigation would be unfriendly to the committee, and would not be right to do. The general aspect of political affairs is centering in favor of the Republicans. The Democrats, with a majority of seventy in the House, have been unable to do anything. They can't agree on any policy or question—except that they would like to get the offices.

THERE is a sect of religious fanatics in New Mexico called the Penitents. They are the worst set of religious cranks the world could afford, yet they are here almost in the heart of civilization. The horrors of Passion week, the week that has just passed, are equal to the rites and practices of the most uncivilized nations of the dark ages. Belts of tin were encircled around the bodies of the worshippers and perforations made with a sharp punch, which at each puncture drove the tin into the flesh. Scourging themselves and each other with scourges was a favorite love feast with the sanguinary brethern of this order, and when tired of this method of worship, dancing barefoot over a floor strewn with thorny cactus branches was instituted, and the worshippers sail thus to heaven on thorny beds of ease. Efforts have been made to stamp out this set of religious maniacs, but they have so far been futile. In 1880 they crucified a man who had expressed a wish to die in that way.

THE Presidential pot is boiling in the Republican ranks. Blaine men and Sherman men, Arthur adherants, and Logan adherents, friends of Edmund and friends of Lincoln, and advocates of Harrison and many others prominent in the list of aspirants, or favorites of the people are earnestly working and talking. In Pennsylvania, Indiana and some parts of Ohio there is a great boom for the Plumed Knight. In Illinois "Black Jack" Logan finds many admirers and a goodly number of delegates. In New York Edmunds finds friends, and in Ohio Sherman is the first in the hearts of the thinking people. But while there is this diversity of opinion, there is an undercurrent that is becoming stronger and stronger that says in unmistakable terms that the nominee of the party will be the final choice of all, and that he will be elected. Ohio Republicans have made up their minds to deliver the electoral vote of the State to the Republican candidates and as Ohio goes this year so will go the Union. Before the convention all Republicans are expected to have personal preferences; but after the nominations are made the ranks will be closed up and one and all push forward for victory.

THE passage of the Blair educational bill by the Senate, and its possible adoption by the House without amendment, secures to those States that are entitled to its benefits one of the greatest boons that our national law makers have ever conferred through the instrumentality of the public Treasury. The measure is one that will add immense strength to the Republican party in the South, while at the same time it has compelled support from that class of Southern Democrats who see in it a beneficent measure in which the whole of the beneficence is practically bestowed upon their own constituency. It transpires, however, that under that provision of the bill which prohibits the payment of any money to "any State or Territory that shall not have provided by law a system of free common schools for all of its children of school age, without distinction of race or color either in the raising or distributing of school revenue or in the school facilities afforded," quite a number of the States, notably Georgia, Maryland, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas, will be deprived of any share of the general fund, unless they immediately go about the work of changing the statutes which have put the negro under practical educational ostracism in making race distinctions

THE witty Holmes County Farmer has this:

"JOHN SHERMAN,—DEAR SIR:—You will please turn your attention from Copiah and Danville to Cincinnati. It lies north of the Ohio River, and within the bounds of your own State."

This, however, like a great deal of stuff found in newspapers these days, is not original with the cute man of the Farmer, because a crank Congressman a few days ago offered a resolution directing the Sherman investigating committee to turn its attention to the riots at Cincinnati, but the good sense of the country very properly denounced such attempts to turn attention from the political outrages committed in the South in the name of Democracy. Such stuff as the above may be pleasant reading to the benighted denizens of Democratic Holmes, but then intelligent people will at once remember that Holmes was wont to send encouragement to the rebels in the South during the days of the dark and bloody rebellion, and the people up there have never changed their sentiments. They regard it as perfectly correct to kill negroes in the interests of the Democracy, and if any one protests, go into convulsions over the waving of the bloody shirt. The sympathy of the Farmer was with the rebels during the war and it has never gotten out of the old ruts.

THE April returns of the National Department of Agriculture make the winter wheat area about 27,600,000 acres. This is nearly the breadth sown of the previous crop, of which between 5 and 6 per cent. was subsequently plowed up, leaving 26,400,000 acres to be harvested. The condition of wheat averages 95, 100 representing a full stand. In April, 1883, the average was 80, and 85 in April, 1884. The average of the large crop of 1883 was 104. The State averages are as follows: Connecticut, 100; New York, 97; New Jersey, 95; Pennsylvania, 99; Delaware, 96; Maryland, 102; Virginia, 101; North Carolina, 102; South Carolina, 97; Georgia, 91; Alabama, 88; Mississippi, 92; Texas, 101; Arkansas, 81; Tennessee, 98; West Virginia, 100; Kentucky, 98; Ohio, 88; Michigan, 94; Indiana, 92; Illinois, 82; Missouri, 91; Kansas, 181; California, 101; Oregon, 102.

THE Ohio law mill has shut down for repair, and it needs it badly. If ever there was a rusty, cogged, loose belted, and rickety concern, it is this self same mill: Brought into existence by illegitimate means, it has born out the character assumed at the start, and evoluted into an ill-begotten and unprincipled bastard. Not a move made by it is calculated to command respect, and from beginning to end it is plastered over with demagogy, hypocrisy and downright devilish deceit. Carried into power on a whisky wave, it openly boasted of its intention to repeal the Scott law, pass a graded tax law and do any and all things the whisky men should demand. It coquetted and minced and winked and dodged, and finally wound up by slapping the temperance people in the face, but did not satisfy the whisky element. They started out to be controlled by caucus, labored in the throes thereof, decided to pass the graded tax law, sickened of their own medicine, crawled into their hole, and in attempting to pull the hole in after them, created a spectacle at which the whole State laughed, and will next October pass judgment upon. The whole gang now awaits in fear and trembling. Starting out for a sixty days' session they prolonged it to a hundred, and would be there yet, but that the free lunch counters refuse longer to harbor them. The only measure of importance passed was the penitentiary bill, and that is universally pronounced a failure in advance of trial, and the prediction is generally and confidently made that within five years the State will be compelled to return to the old system. From beginning to end the session has been characterized by disgraceful efforts to make political capital, and they succeeded, but it will be used against the party not intended by the authors. But the crowning act of infamy was the barter and sale made in the choice of a United States Senator which will return to plague them for many years to come.

Diversity of Opinion.

Upon no question that has agitated the public mind since the days of slavery has there been so great a diversity of opinion as there is upon the temperance question. Even the prohibitionists themselves are not harmonious in all respects; and scattered among the masses are found men and women advocating divers plans whereby this evil of intemperance, and the saloons and death holes which produce intemperance, can be eradicated. But in this diversity there is cause for rejoicing. Ten years ago there was but one opinion among the leaders of the political parties, and that opinion was: "let it severely alone; it is a buzz saw we don't want to fool with," but the people continued to agitate, and as a result we see the question not only prominent in Ohio, but in fully one-half of the States in the Union. The agitation will continue until that solution is evolved which is the best one. In Ohio the Scott law has proved effectual both as a business and as a temperance measure; and while it is not satisfactory to the more ardent temperance people, it is not satisfactory to the saloons, and between the opposition thus shown, for different reasons, the agitation is increased and the certainty of the eradication of the evil in the near future demonstrated. The Democratic legislature, in response to the demands of their allies—the saloon keepers—have repealed the most effective temperance feature of the Scott law, the McConnellsville ordinance, and this, too, in face of the fact that the moral elements of the State have said emphatically that they want temperance legislation made more stringent rather than lenient. The local option clause instead of having been repealed should have been made to apply to counties; and the Democratic Legislators when they come up for re-election next year will very likely hear from the people in a way that is forcible, and the opposite from pleasant.

We know not what course the Republican State Convention will take at Cleveland next week, but if victory is desired, there must be no compromising with the saloon element. A firm declaration of belief upon the question should be made—one that needs no explanation. THE AGE would favor the Scott law with local option applicable to counties, an increase of tax, and a re-submission of a prohibitory amendment at the earliest opportunity. There is no dodge about this, and if it is not done this year, it will be done next.

If the party is not ready for it now, let us go to work and make it ready. The saloons must go!

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is not in harmony with a part of the Republican party upon the tariff question, but nevertheless does not propose to desert the party and go over to the Democracy. In a letter to the Chicago Tribune he explains why he will not. He says:

I have been a Republican from the origin of that party, because it represented better than any other the doctrines of liberty, and the conduct becoming a great nation in a mortal struggle with internal disease that was poisoning its blood. That in its long march from Egypt to the promised land, it never committed a fault, I did not say. It was a weary way, and unexplored, and Republicans were but men.

It was the party of liberty as against slavery; the party of free speech as against intolerance. It boldly faced the threat of secession and elected Lincoln. It had the courage to accept the risks of war, rather than back down in the face of Southern threats. It was baptized in blood, and proved worthy of its high calling. It had the wisdom and courage to recompose the shattered columns of this Union, and to give it a grandeur which has won the respect of the world.

It met the bloated currency which the war had induced, and brought back the current within the appropriate bonds. It never was charmed with the greenback system, but restored the dissolute theories to virtue.

In short, the Republican party has had the courage to meet every issue which has arisen for twenty-five years without shuffling or evasion. It has had a clean policy, and it has had that supreme virtue of parties—courage—courage—courage.

In terse language he tells why he does not believe in protective tariff, but again defines why he should not go to the Democracy, which is because

"Right in so much, and wrong in so little, shall one abandon the party or remain in it to settle reformation? As long as freedom of discussion is allowed, its members should abide within and strive for its reformation. What a ridiculous and monstrous folly it would be to leave the Republican party, because it is yet blinded with protection, and go over to the Democratic party that has coquetted with almost every evil which the war has swept away, and which has not yet shown that it has learned a single lesson from the grand struggle of the last twenty-five years. It has no faith in itself, no unity in its measures, no wise leaders.

"It has learned to construct platforms, and then to run away from the only wise planks in them—courageous in words and cowardly in deeds.

"What am I asked to do? To go over from the Republican party, that has the courage of its opinions, to one that avows free trade principles, and then plays comedy in Congress in carrying out their pretentious reforms; that has no leaders that dare lose in a good cause, or suffer for their principles. When some bold advocate of free trade rises among them, like Watterson, he is knifed by his own compatriots. When the Democratic party shall have a mission of liberty, as it had in Jefferson's day, or even in Jackson's—but to mention these names is to throw ridicule upon the name of Democracy.

"When Sampson had slept in the arms of Delilah he had the grace of suicide given him. But Democracy that lost its virtue in the bosom of slavery, blind and feeble, yet prefers to grind in the prison house rather than seek an honorable death.

"There is another contingency. If the engineers and managers of the Republican party shall select a candidate for the Presidency stained by jobbery in alliance with the policies of the great railway princes, hand-and-glove with corrupt lobbies, and in full faith with corrupt and corrupting gangs who swarm our Legislatures and live by sleek plunder, it will be the duty of every patriotic Republican to secure his defeat, not by the folly of joining the party of historic imbecility, but by laying the foundation of a new movement that shall respect the moral instincts of our people—a party of common sense, based upon moral sense.

HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Will He?

From the Guernsey Times.

Will the State Senator from this district be "candid with the people" now and come out and tell them how he voted during this session of the Legislature on several important matters?

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

FOREPAUGH'S white elephant has been pronounced a fraud.

A HUGE harvest of peaches is promised for Deleware this year.

COL. T. F. SPANGLER, of Zanesville, is for Hoadly for President.

THREE bloody murders committed in Cincinnati last Wednesday.

THE Adams Express Company was robbed at Allegheny City, last week. Loss $1000.

CINCINNATI is now to have a colored baby show; and a cat show. Good Lord send it down!

ANDREW HULL, a ten-year-old boy, of Van Wert, O., is a practiced and practical horse thief.

A FINDLAY, Ohio, farmer, named William McKee, while blowing out stumps blew himself out.

ELIJAH ESKRIDGE and family were poisoned, at Washington, Ind., by eating rhubarb tops as greens.

GRAND Army of the Republic has a project on foot to build a Soldiers' Home for ex-Confederate soldiers.

MARSHAL J. T. PIERCE, of Mitchell, Dakato, was murdered while arresting Hank Lewis, a low saloon-keeper.

THE brave soldier boys of the O. N. G., all received receptions at their homes on their return from the riot.

CAPT. R. M. ANDREWS, of Sumter county, South Carolina, 94 years old, has wagered to walk from Sumter to Boston.

A SECOND car-load of Kansas corn was sent to Cincinnati. That's right, send in provision, then send troops to protect it.

ONE-HALF of Mandelay, capital of Burmah, across the briny deep, has been laid in ashes, leaving 45,000 people homeless.

JOHNSON, Ingalls and Hartnett, the Cincinnati murderers, have been indicted by the new grand jury of murder in the first degree.

CHAS. READE, the great English novelists, author of "Put Yourself in His Place" and "Foul Play," died at London, April 11th, aged 70.

GEO. GEHRING, of Cleveland, took strychnine for quinine. It broke the ague, and nearly broke the brittle thread of life at the same time.

AT Junction City, Kansas, Timothy O'Conner was killed and his brother wounded for passing across a lot, in defiance of the orders of some roughs.

FOREPAUGH and Barnum are quarreling over a white elephant. Forepaugh says it is white and Barnum says it is not, and planks up $1000 to prove it.

SOLOMON FREEMAN, of Louisville, Ky., aged 68, has applied for a divorce, for fear his wife will poison him. The old story—an old fool and a flip.

LAST week Senate passed a bill appropriating $77,000,000 to be distributed among the States in proportion to illiteracy, for educational purposes.

THE G. A. Rs. of Washington City gave General Grant a splendid ovation on the night of the 11th, in honor of the beginning of the Vicksburg campaign.

THE employees of the Cincinnati railroad are on a strike and refuse to allow the trains of the Company to run. The cause of the strike is non-payment of the men.

THE stay of the militia at Cincinnati drew from Quartermaster General Ryan, 26,000 rations at a cost of $4,800 or 18 cents a ration. Total cost of militia will be $15,000.

ROBERT H. FARNER, of Mingo Junction, agent of Pan Handle and Cleveland & Pittsburgh railroads, skipped out last week, and left behind an aching void to the tune of $6,000.

THE celebrated Japanese wrestler, Lorikiahi, met his match, and got badly worsted at Cleveland, last week. Duncan Ross is the upholder of American supremacy—in that respect.

MISS LUCILLE JACKSON, of Van Wert, O., has sued William Thomas, a wealthy farmer, for breach of promise. She thinks $5,000 will cover the breach. Thomas was married last Sunday.

HATTIE SONDER, of Cincinnati, is dead in love with a negro, James Scott, and her mother has had her confined in a work house for incorrigibility, and her colored lover has been arrested.

AT Dayton O, Saturday night William Turner and John Bohn had a dispute in a saloon, Mrs. Bohn rushed between the men, and her husband was shot dead by Turner, and fell into his wife's arms.

COLONEL F. B. MOTT and Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Phillips, of the 4th Regiment, O. N. G., have been placed under arrest for their misconduct at Cincinnati. Major F. R. Bowles was placed in command of the Regiment.

A MR. SMITH of Rising Sun, Ind., was set upon by robbers, robbed and brutally mangled, tied to the floor, and his house was set on fire. The robbers are in jail trembling for fear of the lynchers who threaten them.

REV. NEWMAN, Grant's minister at New York, a Methodist minister in a Congregational church, has come to the conclusion that, as he cannot take more than half his congregation to heaven, they may all go to the other place, so he has resigned.

HENRY DEWEY, a Troy, N. Y., farmer, attempted to jump from a fast line. The first notification the conductor had of the unsuccessfulness of the attempt, was a boot with a foot in it and parts of a human body revolving with the wheels of the train.

AN OLD school teacher of Decatur, Ga., W. T. Dowda, aged 65, has gone wrong. He became enamored of thirteen year old Miss Ragdale and kidnapped her, leading the officers a lively race, but was finally captured in South Carolina. He has been indicted for kidnapping.

AN Altoona, Pa., doctor performed a surgical operation on his wife, last week, by cutting off her head. His name is Beach, and he had just been received into the Lutheran Church the day before the murder was committed and had partaken of communion. The first act of grace he committed was the above operation.

EIGHT men were digging sand from a hill one day last week, near Pittsburgh, when the bank caved in and buried two of their number, Samuel Reelin and Wm. Shearod, under several tons of earth. The bodies were excavated badly crushed, and it is thought they died instantly.

AT Wabash, Ind., the funeral of Williams was in progress, when just as the coffin was lowering into the grave, it fell apart and the body rolled out. The coffin was tacked together again, and was being lowered the second time, when it again gave way and precipitated the body headlong into the grave. After hauling the body out by the heels, a third attempt was more successful.

THE town Marshal of Shreve, Wayne county, Ohio, attempted to put a young man Cowles, who was drunk, into a vermin-infested lock up, but was interferred with by the friends of young Cowles. In the altercation and fight which followed Cowles was killed by the Marshal, whose name is Nimans. Nimans was put in jail to prevent his being lynched, and a charge of murder in the first degree preferred.

JERSEY CITY has given a black eye to the Democratic party, in fact has mashed its head and thrown its rotten carcass to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. She has overcome a Democratic majority of 3,000 and and elected a mayor by 1500 votes. She has elected five out of six of the Board of Aldermen, and she has elected good working majorities in Boards of Education, Fire and Police. In November she will bury the bones of the Democratic carcass.

AT Beaver, three miles west of Xenia, some demons, April 10, removed a rail from the Pan Handle track, and caused the night express to derail and tumble down the embankment into the Little Miami, killing engineer Thomas, fireman John O'Connell and conductor Steve Pierson. The fireman and conductor did not die instantly, but lingered until the next day. Express messenger, Wesley Smith, and baggagemaster Geo. Cooper were seriously hurt, as also was President Long, of Antioch College. A clue to the perpetrators has been found.

THE Utica, N. Y., District has sent Conkling delegates to the Chicago Convention, and the New York Herald says that "puts Mr. Conkling into the field as a 'dark horse,' and why not? To carry the election, the Republicans must carry New York. Now, in our belief, Mr. Conkling could carry this State much more certainly than Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine could not carry New York at all."

That is rather sarcastic; but it may not all be true. Mr. Blaine, if nominated, might carry New York, "and then again he might not." George William Curtis says in Harper's Weekly that he could not. John Sherman could, however, and of this there are no doubters.

THE Ohio Conference of the Evangelical Association was in session at Bellaire last week. Upon the temperance question they speak in unmistakable terms, as follows:

In view of the fact that the demon of intemperance, the great evil of the country, is still exerting its baneful influence upon State and Nation, and is dragging many precious souls to ruin, and devastating numerous happy homes, we therefore pledge ourselves anew to continue the mighty struggle for right until we gain the victory. We do not consider the result of the recent temperance issue as a final victory for the cause of intemperance, but, on the contrary see in the enormous vote cast for prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage a mighty sentiment, which, if properly nourished and fed, will in the near future vindicate the right; in fact we consider the result a victory in embryo. In order to increase this rapidly growing sentiment, we will therefore defend the cause of temperance in the pulpit, teach its principles in the Sabbath schools and home and vote for it.

TALMAGE.

An Easter Sermon by the Noted Divine.

Dr. Talmage's theme last Sunday was: "New Easter Lessons," and his text was taken from John xx, 15: "She, supposing him to be the gardener." Following is a full report of the sermon:

Here are Mary Magdalen and Christ just after his resurrection. For 4,000 years a pale old tyrant had been killing people and carrying them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. He had been gathering them for forty centuries unhindered. He had taken into the rooms of that great palace all the kings and queens and conquorers as well as those without fame. There were shelves of skulls and pyramids of skulls and altars of skulls and beds of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were bleached skulls. He had taken down all the generations. Beginning with the skeleton of Abel he had added all the skeletons of all the ages, and none disputed his right. But one Good Friday about 1851 years ago, as I calculate it, a Mighty Stranger shoved back the door of that awful palace and went in and seized the old tyrant and threw him flat on the marble pavement and put His heel on the neck of the fallen foe. The Mighty Stranger explored the ghastly furniture of the palace, walked all through the labyrinths and opened all the dark cellars, and having tarried under that roof, whose ribs were human bones, two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, He seized the two chief pillars of the palace and rocked them till they began to fall and then lifting the ponderous front gate from its hinges, He carried it off, crying: "I am the resurrection and the life." That scene we celebrate this morning. Handelian and Beethovian miracles of sound added to floral decorations that have turned pulpit and galleries into a blooming parterre.

There are four or five things about this resurrection of Christ that no one seems to have noticed. First, our Lord in gardener's disguise. Mary Magdalen, grief-stricken at the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, looks around to see if she can find the tracks of the sacrilegious resurrectionist, and, lo! she sees some one that looks as if he had come out to water the flowers or root out the weeds of the garden or set up the reclining and fallen vine. He is in a rough working dress, and perhaps some of the disturbed soil adhering to his hands and marking his garments. Mary Magdalen, with face all covered with the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, charges on this supposed workman the desecration of the dead, and this person incognito responds by flinging his soul into just one word that trembled with all

THE SWEETEST RYTHM

of earth and heaven, saying "Mary." Through that peculiar accentuation the disguise fell off and she found that instead of being an humble gardner of Asia Minor He had charge of the hanging gardens of heaven ablom with worlds, constellations, the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower chief of all, while morning sky and midnight aurora are the trellis ablaze like a summer wall with carnation, rose and giants-of-battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen recorded in my text: "Supposing Him to be the gardner." Oh, that means Christ is an everyday Christ for everyday work and in everyday fatigue, in our most seemly apparel on Sabbath morning no more having His sympathy and compassion than when in our everyday apparel, attending to our merchandise or smiting our anvils, or plowing our fields or preparing our food for our families, or mending garments for our households, or standing at our flying shuttles, or engineering our rail trains, or setting up appointed ems of type, or composing with our weary brain, or cutting with our tired chisels, or sketching with our exhausted pencils. Christ in workman's dress ready to help us in our working dress! Lifted to the highest strain of this Easter anthem: "Supposing Him to be the gardner."

Had He appeared to Mary in a king's crown, that would have suggested special sympathy for monarchs. Had He appeared in chains of gold and robe diamonded, that would have suggested special sympathy for the affluent. Had he appeared with sword dangling from soldier's sash, that would have suggested sympathy with warriors. But in gardner's habit, besoiled of his occupation, that means, as I spell it out to-day, a pathetic understanding on His part of the hard work of life. And to-day ought to roll down comfort through all these aisles and roll up comfort through all these galleries. Let the miner in darkest underground corridor of the mountain hear it, and factory maid amid the most unventilated factory of Lowell or Lancaster, and clearer of roughest new ground amid western wilderness, and all the worn-out sewing women who have a stitch in the side for every stitch they give the cloth, some of their cruel employers having no more chance of going through the door of heaven than of going through the eye of that broken needle which has just fallen on the bare floor from the picked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with all your absurd talk about "hypostatic union" and "sociology of the council of Trent," and your metaphysics of religion which have well nigh driven religion out of the world, and pass along this gardener's coat till all nations may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of Christly brotherhood! Not supposing him to be a Cæsar, not supposing him to be a Socrates, but supposing him to be a gardener: That is what helps Josiah Wedgewood, struggling amid the dust and heat of the potteries until he can make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That helps James Watt amid derision and scorn until he can put on wheels that thunderbolt of power that roars by day and night in the furnace of every locomotive engine of Christendom. That helps Hugh Miller amid the quarries of Cromarty until he makes the rocks so many volumes of the world's biography and finds the footsteps of the Creator in the "Old Red Sandstone." What the world wants is a Christ for the printer's office, and a Christ for the cotton mill, and a Christ for the kitchen, and a Christ for the artist's studio, and a Christ for the gardner while spading and planting and irrigating his parterre. We want some day to see Christ in royal robe and diademed, a heavenly equestrian mounting the white horse. But from this Easter of 1884 to our last Easter on earth we want to see Him as Mary saw Him at the daybreak, "supposing Him to be a gardener."

CHRIST'S POST MORTEM APPEARANCE.

Another thing that has not been noticed in this resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post-mortem appearance to her who had once been the seven deviled Magdalene. One would have thought that Christ's first posthumous appearance would have been to some one illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who always were saintly, saintly in the cradle, saintly in their girlhood, saintly in their womanhood, fit models for a Madonna. Almost every family has had a saintly aunt. In my family it was a saintly Aunt Phoeba. In your family it was a saintly Aunt Martha or Aunt Ruth. But not so this one of the text. While we are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who worshipfully made her long locks do the work of a towel at Christ's foot-washing, we nevertheless must remember that she had been exorcised of seven devils. What a capitol of demonology she must have been! What a chorus of diabolism! Seven devils! Two for the eyes, two for the hands, two for the feet and one for the tongue. But all of them extirpated and now she is as good as once she was bad, and lo, she is the first witness of the resurrection. What does that mean? That Christ can, out of the greatest sinners, make greatest saints. That those lowest down may be lifted highest up. That the clock that strikes twelve at midnight may yet strike twelve at noon. That grace is seven times stronger than sin.

Magdalen the seven-deviled becomes Magdalen the seven-angeled. It means that when the Lord meets us at last He will not throw up to us what we have been. All that Christ said to her was "Mary." If He had been like some people He would have said: "Let me see. How many devils did you once have? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! What a terrible piece you was when I first met you!" Most women of our day would have steered clear of her. The only thing I have to say against women is that they are so merciless upon their fallen sisters and show so little of the spirit of Christ toward Mary Magdalen.

But this supposed gardener put all reminiscence and all anticipation and all peace and all pathos and all heaven into a word of four letters, when he said—"Mary!" His first appearance after mortuary silence. Not to some Bible Elizabeth or Bible Esther or Bible Hannah, but to Mary. Not to the Marys against whom we read nothing adverse. Not Mary the mother of Jesus, or Mary the mother of James, or Mary the sister of Martha, but to the seven-devilled Mary. Not only pardon but highest revelation for the worst of folks. There is a man of seven devils—devil of avarice, devil of hate, devil of pride, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity, devil of falsehood, devil of indolence, Christ can drive them all out, seven or seventy! A few days ago I crossed the new cantilever bridge which spans the Niagara, bridge 900 feet long over a chasm of 859 feet from bluff to bluff, but had no fear because at the testing of that bridge last December, the 20th, twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two

(CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE).

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

OFFICE: MAIN ST., OPERA HOUSE.

TERMS.

One year, in advance ...	$1.50
Six months ...	75c
Three months ...	40c

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

COAL-OIL CROWELL is his name.

SENATOR CROWELL loves the dear people, but he speaks and votes for the Standard Oil monopoly every time.

SENATE passed a bill last week offering a reward of $25,000 for the discovery oft he fate of Greeley's North Pole expedition.

THE odors arising from the coal oil Legislature are equally as nauseating as those which ascended heavenward from the pits of pollution into which the three-fingered Jack O'Conner legislature sank a few years ago.

THE position of Robert Lincoln before the political kaleidoscope is troublesome to some of the friends of Presidential possibilities. Lincoln positively declares that he is not a candidate, and says if he were he could not remain in the Cabinet of President Arthur; but notwithstanding his declaration his name is being used in Illinois against Logan. Logan's friends are fearful of Robert Lincoln, the son of his father, who, if nominated, would run like wild fire.

THERE is no disguising the fact that Blaine, of Maine, has a greater following among the masses than any other public man of the times. The Washington Capital points out that in 1876 he came within a scratch of the nomination, and in 1880 only lacked 96 votes on the first ballot. It declares that he is now sure from the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Missouri of one hundred more delegates than he had in 1880, and draws the conclusion that he will be nominated on the first ballot.

THE Coshocton Democrat has the unparalleled cheek to charge the defeat of the Converse bill restoring the tariff on wool. upon the Republicans. The vote, whereby this bill was defeated, classed politically, was as follows: 118 in favor of the restoration and 126 against. Of those voting for the bill 80 were Republicans and 38 were Democrats. Of those voting against the bill nine were Republicans, 1 Independent, and 116 Democrats. When the Democrat charges the defeat on Republicans, it stoops to the lowest depths of falsehood—willfully and knowingly misrepresents.

THE tariff is now before the people for discussion in earnest. The victory of the revenue reformers was gained by the skin of their teeth, and the bastard measure daddied by Morrison, commonly known as the Morrison horizontal bill, is now before the House. It came up last Monday on motion of Mr. Morsison to take up for discussion, and the motion prevailed by a vote of 140 to 138. All the Ohio members, with the exception of Jordan, Murray, LeFevre, Seney and Frank Hurd, voted against it. The ball is now on and the next few weeks will be assiduously devoted to the manufacture of campaign thunder. Let it gather in furiousness until the storms of November shatter the rotten trunk of the Democratic tree.

WHATEVER may be thought of Frank Hurd's personal belief on the tariff, no one can help admiring his candor. His speech on the wool tariff, which appears in full on page seven, is an admirable presentation of the question from his stand point, but then it is not in harmony with the Ohio idea on this question as expounded in the Democratic platform of last year, and heralded from the stump and published in the newspapers. Frank Hurd, however, is honest in his belief and is free to say what he believes. Speaking of the tariff plank in the Ohio platform to a Cincinnati News-Journal reporter, he said:

"Sensible people see through the Ohio platform. The protectionists are not deceived by it. They know that it means nothing, and is simply a straddle. The Ohio platform simply disgusts both the protectionists and the free traders. I can respect a man who comes out boldly and declares his principles, but I despise a man who contents himself with mumbling over a few meaningless phrases when called upon to express his opposition on one of the vital issues of the day. Let the issue be made, and let the people decide the question at the ballot box. The people, after all, are the arbiters."

IN the Columbus letter in the Democrat this week appears this:

On Tuesday in the House there was a flood of petitions asking for the submission of a prohibitory constitutional amendment to be voted on in October, 1885. Mr. Bargar followed them up with a petition from six hundred citizens of Ohio, from different parts of the State, asking for the passage of the pending bill to grade the liquor tax.

This is significant. More than 300,000 voters of Ohio said by their ballots last fall that the saloons must go; and these same 300,000 voters, backed by all the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the State, are still clamoring for the saloons to go. The first step has been taken in the presentation of petitions to the Legislature, asking the resubmission of the amendment next year, but instead thereof, they fling insult in their faces by resolving to submit a license next year, and Mr. Bargar is a willing party to the insult, by immediately presenting the petitions of 600 saloon keepers and throwing his influence in their favor as against the morality and decency of his own county, which said by nearly 400 majority that the saloons must go.

Nosing for Frauds

The late election in Cincinnati, it is charged, awas characterized by fraudulent voting. In one ward there was outrageous and flagrant ballot box stuffing in the interests of Democracy. The newspapers openly charged it, and the Lincoln Club—a Republican organization—offered a reward for the arrest and conviction of any perpetrator of fraud.

Allen O'Myers, the ringtailed roarer of the Coal Oil Legislature, sought to bluff this offer of the Lincoln Club by offering a resolution that a Committee of five—three from the House and two from the Senate—be appointed to investigate the Cincinnati elections—past and present—and in support of his resolution made a characteristic speech in which he flung his dirt and mire promiscuously, and in cowardliness superlatively mean closed his harangue by moving the previous question, thus shutting off any reply to his libelous and dirty charges. The resolution carried, was rushed through the Senate in the same way, and the committee appointed consists of four Democrats and one Republican who refused to serve. It is a game characteristic of Democracy—one in which honor is not found, and while they may succeed in creating some slush suitable to the tastes of O'Myers and his sewer pipe, the Enquirer, there will be no weight attached thereto, because of the source.

But inasmuch as the proposed investigation is to take wide scope, we desire to offer a suggestion to the pink eyed young man and his nosing committee. There is an impression abroad that there was fraud perpetrated in Hamilton county last year in the counting of the vote on the prohibitory Amendment, and the impression is general that but for this fraud the Amendment would have carried. The election machinery in that county was in the hands of the Democracy and their whisky friends, and if fraud was committed they are responsible. If this nosing committee desires to do real good, let it investigate this. The people propose to have this amendment again submitted, and if the O'Myers committee will unearth the crooked ways whereby it was defeated last year, they will simply bring the subject to the front that much sooner. Will they do it?

Wedded to Monopoly

The election of Payne to the United States Senate demonstrates not only the falsity of the Democratic advocacy of civil service reform, but the hypocrisy practiced in their denunciation of monopoly, because Payne was the representative of the Standard Oil Company, was backed by its friends and members, and it was openly charged in reputable Democratic newspapers that the election was secured by bribery, the money being furnished by this monopoly.

Ever since that disgraceful barter and sale there has been an oleaginous odor about the doings of the Legislature that could not be destroyed and finally, in the last hour, the power of Standard Oil is once more shown, and the wedding of Democracy with monopoly consummated.

The Standard Oil Company has a complete monopoly of the business in the oil regions. The moment independent refineries are started, this company brings its power to bear upon them and crushes them out. The pipe lines whereby the oil is conveyed from the oil regions to the refiners all belong to the Standard Company. These pipes can be used by none but the monopolists. In the interest of the people, Representative Koehler introduced a bill which is commonly known as the Koehler pipe line bill, in which power was given for the laying of an independent pipe line, with common carrier provisions: that is, any refiner could have oil conveyed thereby, by the payment of a reasonable fee. The bill passed the House and was sent to the Senate, but there received its quietus. The President of the Senate quietly kept the bill on the table, and refused to present it to the body, until forced to do so on the last day of the session.

The President of the Senate is a tool of the Standard Oil Company, and this bill being against the monopoly and in favor of the people, of course the tools of monopoly are against the bill. Our own Senator Crowell who blossomed into an oleaginous supporter of monopoly early in the session, was a vigorous opposer of the bill and made a fiery and fluent speech against it.

Hereafter when Democrats denounce monopoly, quietly refer them the coal oil legislature.

What It Means—Democratic Opinion.

The spring elections resulted in Republican victories throughout the State, giving evidence that in October and November Ohio will be found in the Republican column. The Democratic newspapers in Coshocton, however, do not so regard it, but we suspect it is a vain attempt to cover up their shattered columns and add encouragement where the outlook is gloomy.

Speaking of the result this year, the Democrat says:

"Take it all in all throughout the State, the result is not decisive enough to entitle it to any political significance for either party in respect to gains or losses over the result of the last State election, when Ohio was Democratic with a full vote on a fair day."

Last year, however, when the spring elections were generally Democratic, the Democrat did not take so gloomy a view, because in its issue of April 10, 1883, it said:

"The result of the elections held throughout Ohio on the 2d inst., is of a character that gladdens Democrats everywhere. * * * * The conclusion to be deduced is that Ohio has certainly joined the Democratic ranks and that the result of last October will be repeated next October in a decided Democratic victory."

The Democratic Standard last year heralded the Democratic victories in the spring elections with the following head lines:

"Democratic Ohio prepares her spring boquets to garland the next President's chair—Our big rooster wants out, and next October his clarion notes will announce Ohio's Democratic Governor."

But this year there was a gloom settled over the mind of the able editor, and he could see no political significance in the result of the elections, since they had nearly all gone Republican. In last week's Standard, after relating the result throughout the State, the editor declares,

"In this there is nothing to cause Democrats to despond; for, when the issues of a great National campaign are presented, every Democrat in the State will respond to the call of duty and we can and will carry the State of Ohio by a handsome majority."

It evidently makes a great deal of difference whose ox is gored, and the dodging of these Democratic journals brings to mind the old couplet:

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he"

Temperance in the Schools.

With the petitions presented to the Legislature praying for the submission of a prohibitory amendment, is a clause which also asks for the passage of a law requiring the teaching of hygeine and the effects of alcoholic drinks upon the human system, in the public schools. The Legislature, however, was elected as the friends and advocates of saloons and not for the protection of the homes, and of course these petitions from the fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, received no recognition, but instead thereof they slapped them in the face by resolving to submit a license amendment to the Constitution next year.

But this refusal to receive the petitions with respect even, will simply result in increased agitation of the subject and the certain downfall of the saloons.

In the New York Legislature a bill was recently passed requiring teachers to instruct their pupils on the subject, and prohibiting the granting of certificates unless they were qualified to so instruct. The latter provision caught some of the teachers unprepared, and effort was at once made to overcome the deficiency in information. The New York Herald reports that

"In order to render the teachers of the public schools of this city capable of passing this examination the New York City Temperance Union requested the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton to deliver a lecture on the effects of alcohol. This Mr. Hamilton did last evening in the Broadway Tabernacle. He accompanied his lecture with stereopticon views of the brain, the stomach and other parts of the human frame. He said in substance that alcohol, no matter how it is taken, is invariably an unmixed evil. "Instead of being called aqua vitæ" said he, "It should be termed aqua mortis, the water of death." it is a mere poison. Science says that poison is that which taken into the blood destroys life. Is this not a perfect definition of alcohol? It is claimed that alcohol "builds up" the system, but every man who has studied medicine knows that nothing can strengthen the system unless it contains nitrogen and there is not a trace of nitrogen in alcohol. Liebig says that if a man takes ten quarts of beer every day for ten months he will at the end of that time have taken, in the way of solid nourishment what amounts to a five pound loaf of bread. That does not look much like "building up" a system. Does alcohol aid digestion? An eminent English physician Dr. Richardson, has proved by experiments that so long as alcohol remains in the stomach digestion cannot go on. The stomach is temporarily dead. Does alcohol increase strength? Not in the slightest. If you spur a tired horse you do not add to his strength. You merely make him go fast for the time, but when he reaches his journey's end he is far more tired than if you had not used the spur. So it is with alcohol. It makes you feel stronger temporarily, but when its effect passes off the depression is terrible. Does it prolong life? Any insurance company will tell that it does not. If a man of twenty does not drink, say the insurance companies, he may expect to reach the age of sixty-one. If he drinks they will not insure his life over thirty five. So drinking, by insurance statistics, shortens a man's life by from from forty to sixty per cent. "Beer is no better than whisky," concludes Mr. Hamilton. "In my opinion, it is worse. When did you ever see an habitual beer drinker with sound liver and kidneys? Never. Beer totally destroys, just as surely as whiskey and brandy, every organ of the human frame.

A RINGING SPEECH

Made by Hon. E. L Lybarger to the Republican County Convention.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:—We are here to-day for the purpose of discharging a duty which we owe to ourselves as citizens of this great commonwealth of Ohio, and have a twofold duty to perform. The power has been delegated to us to select representatives to the State Convention, which is to nominate our standard-bearers in the coming political fight for offices of State. We are also charged with the duty and responsibility of selecting delegates to the Congressional District Convention, which is to convene in this city on the 17th inst., for the purpose of electing delegates to the Republican National Convention to be held in Chicago next June, when and where the Republican nominees for President and Vice President of these United States will be named.

Never before within my recollection has this important duty of an American citizen fallen so directly upon the people themselves. The mode agreed upon and adopted for selecting delegate to so important a gathering as that of a National Convention, by the Republicans of this district, and by Republicans nearly everywhere throughout the country is much more likely to give us a convention that will reflect the will of the people than any previous method.

The Cleveland Convention to which we are to choose Coshocton county's quota of delegates, will be one of no little importance, but of great significance to the country, because it is conceded on all sides, that the coming political contest, between the two great parties for supremacy in this Government will be decided by Ohio and New York. As Ohio is an October State, the preliminary engagement will be fought here—hence the great importance to the Republican party of gaining the first advantage, and developing such numerical strength as will insure confidence of victory in November. It is true we have been signally defeated in the last two campaigns, but we have not been driven from the field, much less conquered, besides if we were even in a close place, as General Grant has well said: "We can confidently rely upon the Democracy to help us out." They never fail to come to our relief, and to this end they have been busy at work all winter both at Columbus and Washington, consequently they do not manifest the same confidence in their success that they did one year ago—then they were bold, defiant and even arrogant.

I had the pleasure of listening to our distinguished representative, Mr. Bargar, at this place last summer, while he declaimed to a delighted and enthusiastic audience. He proclaimed with the greatest assurance that victory was in the air, and asserted with apparent candor that they were sure of electing the President in 1884, and almost brought down the house by adding, "The next President we elect we intend to see inaugurated."

Happily however for this Nation, no such a calamity as the election of a Democratic President has befallen the country since 1856.

Nor is it at all likely that such a misfortune will ever again overtake the American people; if, however, such an unwelcome event should occur, I assure my distinguished friend, and our Democratic brethern, that there will be no armed Republican resistance to his inauguration, nor will the President-elect be compelled to sneak to Washington in disguise for fear of assassination at the hands of Republicans.

On the contrary, the Republican party will support the government under such administration, and will defend the country in time of war, either against a foreign enemy or domestic foes, be the country right or wrong. But I have too much confidence in the "second sober thought of the people" to believe thay that will turn this Government over to the management of a party so destitute of statesmanship, and which has been so persistently wrong for more than a quarter of century upon every important political question and every leading subject of the day. The party is to-day absolutely without a policy upon that most important of questions, "The Tariff," and is now trying to "pull the wool over the people's eyes," by imitating its old tricks of '76, when it was all things to all men on the currency question. It seems highly improbable that the "flockmasters of Ohio" will expect the restoration of the tariff of 1867 on wool, especially by the horizontal reduction proposed in the Morrison bill. Besides, the people are too familiar with the old Democratic dodge of shouting "stop thief," and "turn the rascals out," to be longer deceived; and will not trust the party without any definite or fixed principles, and which can truthfully boast of nothing but negations. It is a fact known of all men that the Democratic party for the last twenty-five years has opposed every progressive principle formulated by the Republican measure passed by Congress and which subsequently proved for the good of the country and the benefit of the people, now passed in spite of the Democracy, but after the experience of years has fully confirmed the efficiency and expediency of Republican policy and measures, they always come up smiling with "we told you so" by endorsing them. The Democratic party is certainly many years and a long way behind the Republicans in everything that pertains to State craft, and I doubt if the distance will ever be materially shortened, because it seems impossible for it to keep pace with this progress of events, or to solve any great political problem correctly. For these and many kindred reasons it will be strange indeed if it does not wake up after the November election and find itself about as far in the rear in the race for the Presidency as Nero is behind the Apostle Paul on the road to heaven. The one is depending on the credulity and duplicity of the people to gain its point, the other must rely upon the unorthodox doctrine of universal salvation to obtain mercy. Both are most liable to be disappointed. The Democracy have never been consistent but once within my recollection and that was when they shelved Pendleton because he was the author and supporter of a Civil Service Reform bill just at the very time they believed they were in reach of the public treasury. Their platform declared for civil service reform, but what sense or reason was there, when they thought they were in sight of the "promised land," in providing to keep the rank and file who had been wandering and starving in the wilderness for well nigh thirty years—from crossing over and gathering a few crumbs while their great captains were devouring milk and honey and living off the fat of the land. Unfortunately, however, for them their hopes are again to be deferred.

But they will soon have a grand opportunity of exhibiting still greater consistency. If they would take advice from the likes of me, I would suggest that the first thing they do at Chicago would be to rescind the resolution they passed in that city in 1864, declaring the "war a failure and that it ought to cease." They might also, with equal propriety, reconsider the vote by which the resolution was adopted at St. Louis declaring against the resumption of specie payment, and that the resumption act was a "hindrance" to resumption. They might with equal consistency expunge the "tariff for revenue only" plank in their platform of 1880. In fact, while they are about it, it would be well if they would revise all the old platforms they have ever made on the tariff question, and repudiate their whole "comedy of errors," after which they could most consistently resolve that: Whereas, we are uncertain whether we are the same old or the "new and living Democracy" or some other party, but that whereas we know that we want the public offices, and that we cannot possibly survive much longer without them, Therefore, be it resolved: that if the good people will turn the reins of government over to us, we hereby pledge ourselves to disturb all the business relations of the country with free trade, to lubricate all the machinery with "Standard Oil," and drive towards bankruptcy with all celerity and certainty. Are the people of these United States ready for such a misfortune?

Are they willing to turn the management of the affairs of this great government to a party so destitute of true statesmanship, political sagacity and honor, and which has so often demonstrated its incompetency to deal with the great and important affairs of State? I for one am not ready to believe it; but upon the other hand I sincerely beheve that if the Republican party is true to itself and its time honored principles, and if reason prevail, it will win in the coming campaign.

If the Chicago Convention should nominate that distinguished and sagacious statesman, that pure patriot and honorable citizen, who is first in the hearts of the Republicans of Ohio, if not of the Nation, and in whom all classes of our people have the utmost confidence, our own John Sherman, Ohio will be redeemed and her electoral vote cast for her favorite son. Business men of New York will rally to his support with such a unanimity that his election will be practically insured. His nomination will put an impassable barrier between the Democratic party and the White House. He will prove to be an "ice-berg" so solid, so lofty and expansive, that the Democratic craft that attempts to sail around him to the Executive Mansion, will experience greater difficulties than was ever encountered by the Arctic explorers who have attempted to sail through the frozen ocean to the North Pole. If that Convention should give us for our standard bearer that grand and eloquent orator, that heroic and able expounder and defender of Republican principles, that powerful and magnetic leader—James G. Blaine, of Maine—Ohio Republicans will rally to the standard and follow the banner and the fortunes of the Plumed Knight with as much enthusiasm and as great devotion as was ever exhibited by the soldiers who followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre; and if there is no sulking and balking on the part of the would-be boss and "me-too" and their stalwart friends in New York, he will be elected. If that fearless and accomplished soldier and experienced legislator of Illinois—John A. Logan—should be named, the soldiers of Ohio, especially the Old Army of the Tennessee, will send greeting to the soldiers of Illinois that they are ready to fall into line and march to victory under the leadership of the gallant Commander of to the old 15th Corps. If Ben Harrison, of Indiana, should be selected, Ohio will revive the memories of 1840, and emulating the enthusiasm of our Whig ancestors, we will make the "welkin ring" for the grandson of Old Tippecanoe. In short, let it be understood, whoever our candidate may be, that after the Cleveland Convention, Ohio Republicans will be in the field fully armed and equipped with Gatling guns and plenty of ammunition, determined to drive in the enemy's skirmish line in October, and rout or capture his main line in November.

Gentlemen of the Convention, you are all well aware of the fact that our party is completely snowed under in this county, and then we never get any political recogition from outside sources, except in the way of a few post offices, but nevertheless we have never faltered in our duty, but battled steadfastly on against superior forces, without hope of reward or political preferment, because we are Republicans from principle and not from motive. For that reasons we are here to-day, and for that reason we propose to do our share of the work necessary to redeem the State and save the Nation from the despoiling hands of the Democratic party.

A Coshocton Saloon Keeper Mourneth the Loss of $25

WARSAW, O., April 13th, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE:—It may be interesting to the whisky ring to know of the tribulations and trials of its votaries. If so, there is a saloon keeper in Coshocton that could write a chapter that would be interesting reading. The saloon keeper referred to rented a saloon of a Warsaw party and paid $25 in advance on the contract, but unfortunately for his enterprise, the good people of Warsaw were not hunting for a saloon. And it was like throwing a bomb shell into our quiet village to hear that a new saloon was coming to town. Immediately ways and means were being discussed to prevent it getting possession of the building referred to It finally leaked out that there was another claimant to the property beside the party leasing to the saloon keeper, namely, the wife of the lesor. Now, this wife and mother had too often suffered from this infernal traffic to want or allow a saloon in a house which she held a good title to. It needed no persuasion on her part to get the house leased to our enterprising Posmaster; which was done, and the post office moved in the day before the Coshocton saloonist was to have taken possession. Thus the Warsaw people were made happy, and this, worse than a public nuisance, averted. So far all appears to have moved off satisfactorily to the Warsaw people, except the party that got the $25. It is said he got on a "bum" in Coshocton and some whisky sneak-thief went through his pockets, and he got back to Warsaw without any money. So it would seem that he was unable to return the $25, hence, the loss fell on the Coshocton saloon keeper.

Now, Mr. Editor, this particular saloon keeper, and Coshocton saloon men in general, may as well understand now as later on, that Warsaw is not the place for them to come to. Warsaw has already one, and that is one more than is necessary for her happiness or prosperity. The one she has is run, as near as possible, in accordance with law. And yet we know of sundry parents that would very much prefer that it was in the middle of the ocean.

Our merchants and business men find that the drinking class of men, as a rule, make bad customers, because the money that should pay the merchant, doctor, black smith, miller and boot and shoe maker goes to the saloon. And the saloon men prosper just in proportion as his customers decline. One gets good clothes the other gets in rags, his wife and children are dragged down with him. At least such has been the case in Warsaw, and doubtless the same is true everywhere. Our people have voted by a large majority for prohibition. They want no more saloons. There is not a business man in our village that would not consider it a calamity to be deplored. If there is a man that would like to see one come he is some dead-head that expects an opportunity to run his face for a bill that he will never pay. No, no, the women and children would look upon you as a robber that was taking the money necessary for their clothes and bread. Then why should you come? It is true our folks are expecting a railroad through the village will be built at no distant day, but they will require muscle and work, not your body roting stuff. Some years since a grocery was burned down in Warsaw. Just what was the cause has never yet been settled; it was not insured, therefore it was not done to get insurance money. It has often been suggested that "there was a woman in the case;" there almost always is. This lady was married to a very fine mechanic, and he was, as a man, very much of a gentleman, kind and courteous to all. But unfortunately he had contracted an appetite for whisky so strong his willpower could not govern it. Of course his money went into the saloon, and in return he got much worse than nothing. His excellent wife did everything in her power to reclaim her husband, but all to no avail. Finally, one night the worst den in the place was destroyed by fire. I don't believe the lady burnt it, but I am quite sure that there were many that believed in their hearts that she ought to have done so. What terror has the Penitentiary for a woman whose husband has become a confirmed drunkard, without power within himself to stop?

Now, as we remarked before, we have one saloon. It is run as well, we honestly believe, as is possible, and yet our people would be rejoiced to get rid of it. Don't, we intreat you, inflict yourself on an unwilling people, but bring a boot and shoe, hat and cap store, or a tin shop, anything under the Heavens, that is useful or ornamental, but no more places where, as the last Coshocton Grand Jury says, whisky is furnished not sold. Warsaw don't want it sold nor furnished as we are not all saints. Don't tempt us. If you want a hot go to Cincinnati, they have their hand in, but let Warsaw alone, unless you can come in shape to do yourself and us good, and in that case we shall welcome you.

A WARSAWITE.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

BELMONT county paid its teachers $9,640 last year.

JOHN MCKEEVER, of Barnesville, a pioneer, aged 84, is dead.

EDWARD BURRELL, of Zanesville, died last Monday, of Bright's disease.

GOV. HOADLY refused to pardon Robt. McCleary, of Guernsey county, convicted of perjury.

THE store of Mr. J. A. Watson, at Graysville, near Newcomerstown, was burned this week. Loss $2000; small insurance.

DANIEL MILLER, of Zanesville, was buried in a sand-bank last Saturday, but was dug out safe and well after an hour's imprisonment.

CAMBRIDGE is still infested by burglars, John M Gardner and J. F. Salmon having been complimented by visits from the Knights of the Key one night last week.

NORA WOODS, thirteen year old daughter of Wm. Woods, of Vanattasburg, near Newark, was taken with a fit while walking on the shore of North Fork of Licking, fell into the water and was drowned.

MEXICO will be treated to a revolution in the near future. She accuses her President of accumulating a fortune of $4,000,000 in four years, and popular discontent has reached the flood mark of '67.

IT is said that Col. H. A. Axline, of Zanesville, is a candidate before the Cleveland Convention for Secretary of State. Mr. Axline was Foster's Assistant Adjutant General, and formerly was Superintendent of the Dresden schools.

MRS. CHRISTIAN SPRING, a large, healthy lady, wife of a dairyman of New Philadelphia, suddenly dropped dead last Sunday while standing in front of her husband buttoning his shirt collar and preparing him for church. She died at her post

GEORGE HANNA, of Cambridge, missed his horses one morning, a week ago, and supposing the horses stolen, with some officers and neighbors gave chase to the supposed thieves. About 11 o'clock the horses were found near home, having strayed away from the stable.

MANY sheep are dying in Tuscarawas county of that fearful disease, grub in the head. The disease is caused by the eggs of a fly deposited in the sheep's nostril in August, and hatches out the grub in March, which burrows immediately for the brain, which causes death. There is no remedy known.

A LITTLE ten year-old daughter of Mrs. Wm. M. Baxter, of Newcomerstown, swallowed an old fashioned copper cent. The coin is over one inch in diameter, and it is feared it will be impossible to dislodge it from the child's stomach. If the coin should remain the juices of the stomach will act upon it, the blood will absorb the poisonous copper and death from slow poisoning will ensue.

Oh! My

From the Cambridge Jeffersonian

Uncle Sam Tilden is in good health. He is as sound and as strong as he was in 1876. He is young enough and strong enough to be President for four years, then to live afterwards as the foremost man in the esteem of the country. Mr. Tilden will be the next President.

News in Brief.

AN AGED couple, named Fleetwood, of Hardin, Coles county, Ill., were found murdered in their bed, April 10th.

DYNAMITE exploded in a stone quarry, near Franklinton, N. C., killing two colored laborer and wounding five.

DEMOCRATIC City Convention, of Trenton, N. J., broke up in disorder over a disputed vote. Sounds natural, don't it?

CHAS. B. FINLAYSON, aged seventeen, in the jail at Portland, Oregon, for murdering his grandmother cheated the gallows with his suspenders.

THE body of Mrs. Cecilia Bush, an aged lady of Federalsburg, Md., was found last week in the bushes near her home, her skull crushed and her throat cut from ear to ear.

A passenger train on the Western and Atlantic railway fell through a trestle into a raging torrent below, near Chatanooga, and three persons were killed and several injured At the same hour five miles away a freight train was wrecked and two persons were killed.

THE good people of Forreston, Clarendon county, South Carolina, are very much excited over the appointment of a colored postmaster, and propose to starve him out by mailing their letters on the train and buying their stamps elsewhere. Their hearts are as black as the post master's face.

WM. S. MADDEN, a physician of Scranton, Penn., decoyed a girl of twenty-one, Miss Sadie McClenahan, who lived in Lewiston, into his room and chained her to staples in the floor for seven long weeks. She escaped to a police station, and the physician was arrested under fourteen charges of assault, and a bond of $4800 is required to let him loose. Lynch law will probably settle the matter.

EX-GOV. FOSTER'S son in-law, Fred Mussey, has treated his wife so shamefully that she has separated from him, thereby causing a sensation in the social circles of the State. It is said that she will apply for a divorce. It will be remembered that Mussey was Foster's private Secretary at Columbus, and while looking after the Governor's public affairs, was looking after his own private affairs, and succeeded in winning the lady who is now alienated from him.

Spring Goods!

Our new Spring Goods are open. The way they are selling is evidence they please the people Our new cash railroad is running, it works like a charm.

SELBY, MOORE & CATON.

The popular low prices on our goods is doubling our trade right up. Just what we want

The more goods we sell the lower we make the prices.

Remember, we guarantee everything you buy of us as cheap or cheaper than you can buy it anywhere. You know when we buy goods in such large quantities as we do for cash we buy them very cheap, and when we sell to you for cash you are not paying big prices to help pay others debts.

We say we guarantee our prices lower than elsewhere, we mean it, and want you to return anything you get of us that is not cheaper than you can buy same for elsewhere, or are not perfectly satisfactory, and we will cheerfully pay you the money back. You see you run no risk. We make our guarantee good.

We can well afford to sell goods cheaper than our competitors for our expenses are less than any store in the county in proportion to the goods we sell.

Come and see our nice goods and low prices.

Respectfully,

Selby, Moore&Caton

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Duty and Pleasure

Prompted Rev. R. F. White, of Greenville, N. Y., to write that "in eight hours after his wife began to take Athlophoros for an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, she surprised all by walking from room to room, comparatively free from pain." The "Specific Cure," as Mr. White calls it, went directly to the diseased parts, reduced the inflammation, assuaged the pain, and worked a rapid cure, as it invariably does.

THE maple syrup and sugar crop is not as abundant this year as it was last year.

CHILDREN subject to coughs, cold and throat troubles should be given a dose of Downs' Elixir on going to bed. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co.

How DO you like your new home?

Never So Cheap Before

Pistols, 75c to $1; revolvers, $1 to $10; rifles, $8 to $25; single shot guns, $3 to $20; double barrel shot guns, $6 to $100; muskets, $2 to $4; and everything else in proportion. Send for illustrated catalogue. It is free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE newest silk hat style from London is of the real stove pipe pattern, without, of course, the elbow.

Epilepsy Entirely Cured

Prof. Irving B. Smith, Pike, N. Y., makes the following statement: "Samaritan Nervine entirely cured me of epileptic fits."

IT is a difficult matter to tell who is your neighbor these days.

PAIN from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

DOORSTEP parties will soon be in order.

Insurance

Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No less a blessing is anything that insures good health. Kidney Wort does this. It is nature's great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See advt.

IT looks as though spring had come to stay.

THE Hop Plasters have a wonderful sale, and why? Because they cure backache, stiff joints, pain in the side, and all soreness in any part. People appreciate them. Any druggist, 25 cents

POTATOES are cheap enough for any body to use now.

CLERGYMEN, lawyers, and everyone of sedentary habits will find great benefit in the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

THE sun gets up pretty early these mornings.

ONLY TWO BOTTLES.—Messrs. Johnson, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that sometime ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both of the officers and the wife of a well-known U. S. A. General had been cured of catarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm. Not a liquid or snuff. Price 50 cents.

THE early worm is in demand, the time for sucker fishing having arrived.

Twenty-five Per Cent Stronger Than Any Other Butter Color.

BURLINGTON, VT., May 3d, '82.

I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells Richardson & Co., and that the same is free from alkali or any other substance injurious to the health; that I have compared it with some of the best of the other Butter Colors in the market and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the colors. I am satisfied that it is not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the butter. I have examined it after two months' free exposure to the air in a place liable to large chances of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid.

A. H. SABIN,
Prof. Chemistry, University of Vermont.

IF THE prodigal son had been a daughter, would the fatted calf have been killed on her return?

BATTER is the name of a tenor singer in a New York church choir. He is occasionally put out by the first bass.

A MAGAZINE article—gunpowder.

THE man who does not read the papers is no longer at a premium, as a juror.

YOUNG ladies who contemplate banging their hair should remember that Goliath was killed by a bang on the forehead.

AT Cleveland, some boys were bathing last Saturday when they found a box beneath the water with large stones piled on it. On examination the box was found to contain two skeletons, which was said by the owner of the land, Mr. Murtle to belong to his son, a medical student. The police fearing crookedness will look into the matter.

CARPETS,

Carpets,

Carpets,

CURTAINS,

Curtains,

CURTAINS.

Will you pay other merchants $1 to 1.10 per yard for a Brussels Carpet when you can buy the same goods of us at 80 to 90cts., and a good one at 65cts.

All wool Ingrain 57 1-2 worth 75c.

All wool Ingrain 57 1-2 worth 75c.

All wool Ingrain 57 1-2 worth 75c.

The best 25 cent goods ever sold in Coshocton.

Our 40 cent Carpets are just the same as you pay 50 cents for at other stores.

Remember, we have the handsomest line of Extra Super Carpets ever shown in this city, and our prices are 10 to 20 per cent less than you can buy them for elsewhere.

If you will take the time to look through our line of Lace Curtains if we can not suit you in every respect, we will make you a present of a pair. From $1 to $50 per pair. Decidedly the Handsomest ever in the State.

We will save you money on anything that you will buy at the

Bee Hive

Notwithstanding all the blow about large stocks, an actual count proved we had the largest stock in town.

Our Spring Stock

OF

SUITINGS

ARE GOING FAST.

Don't Fail to Call Early and get the

CHOICEST STYLES

The boys on the road are making havoc with it. Suit after Suit is going to Columbus, Canton, Newark, and all the large cities. The citizens of those cities know where they get a

STYLISH AND CHEAP SUIT!

We carry as large and fine a Stock as any of the city Merchant Tailors. We buy from first hands and save

Twenty Per Cent.

By so doing, whereas, the small dealers buy of jobbers and have to pay the jobbers a margin. We save that to our patrons. Don't forget that as a pointer. We employ more hands than all the rest combined, and that tells where the people get their work done. Don't forget that as a pointer. More pointers next week.

D. M. MOORE,

Merchant Tailor,

Schaich Block - - - - - Coshocton, O

EVERYBODY

Is cordially invited to call and see our new

Carpet Department,

Which is the largest and best lighted Carpet Room in this part of Ohio. Made easy of access by our new stairway leading from Store room. Our Carpet room is the place to see just what you are buying. It is an undisputed fact that when Carpets are shown in dark rooms, or by the aid of artificial light, one is often deceived in colors and quality. So avail yourselves of the free and abundant light to chose your

CARPETS

---AND---

LACE CURTAINS,

Remember, we guarantee to show you as large a Stock of Carpets and Lace Curtains as can be found in the State. Our Styles are the best and our Prices the Lowest.

One Ticket

Will be given away with each and every Dollar's worth purchased in this Department, each ticket entitles the holder to one chance in that Elegant Brussel Carpet, with border to match, to be given away July 1st, 1884.

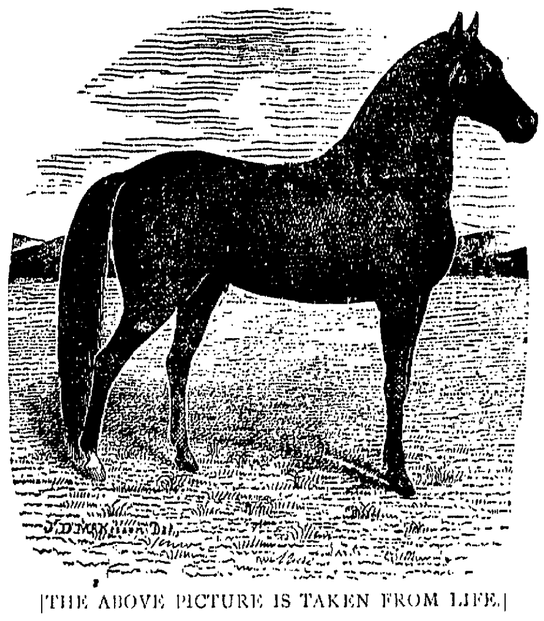
Respect'y. Yours,

Hay & Ransom.

BLACK

BELMONT BILL,

Invincible and Shylock



[THE ABOVE PICTURE IS TAKEN FROM LIFE.]

STALLION,

Property of B. F. RICKETTS,

Coshocton, Ohio.

BLACK BELMONT BILL

Is a beautiful Black in color, with a little white on one hind foot. He stands sixteen hands high, weighs 1200 pounds, and is a model of strength and beauty. He has a good disposition and is very stylish; has an open square gait, and bids fair, when handled, to make a trotter worthy of his ancestry.

PEDIGREE:

Black Belmont Bill, black horse, foaled May 15, 1876, the property of B. F. Ricketts, on his breeding farm, Coshocton; got by "Belmont Bill," the sire of Sleepy George and many other good ones; he by "Invincible," he by imported "Sovereign." First dam by the "Oliver Baker" Shylock, he by a son of Long Island Black Hawk. Second dam by the "Hutchinson" Torpedo, he by Torpedo, he by imported Bellfounder, and brought to Ohio by Noah Butler. He proved a valuable acquisition to breeders in our country. Third dam, "Unknown," bred in Pennsylvania, claimed to be bred from a thoroughbred stallion; his appearance and usefulness warrant the claim.

He only needs to be seen to recommend himself to all horsemen. He is thought to be the best representative left by his noted sire. He was stinted to three mares in his two-year-old form, and to four in his three-year old—which produce can be seen on the farm—all of which will commend him as a breeder of great merit. Don't fail to see him before breeding.

BLACK BELMONT BILL will be let to a limited number of mares during the season of 1884, at the residence of the undersigned, just out of the corporate limits of Coshocton, near the Fair grounds.

TERMS—$20 to insure living colt. Due care will be taken, but no accountability for accidents or mistakes. Pasture furnished mares from a distance at reasonable rates.

April9-1w. B. F. RICKETTS.

NEW GOODS.

Largest Stock

In the County.

Ladies' Shoes of all the Modern Styles of America, all Widths an d Prices.

Misses' & Children's Shoes,

Men's & Boy's Shoes,

Brogans and Plow Shoes.

The very latest Styles of

YOUNG MEN'S HATS.

And every other kind of Men's Hats.

We buy our Goods for Cash and sell them for Cash at extremely LOW PRICES, which enables us to save money for our customers and ourselves.

Call and see us, examine our Goods and learn our prices.

WRIGHT & STANFORD,

Triplett Block, -Main Street, - Coshocton, O

Pittsburgh Medical Institute.

Established for the Special Treatment of

Nervous and Chronic Diseases.

OFFICES, NOS. 16, 17 AND 18 BISSELL BLOCK, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DR. ALBERT,

Of the above MEDICAL INSTITUTE, on account of his increasing practice in Coshocton, Ohio, will make his SECOND VISIT on **Tuesday, June 17th,** and remain two days at the

PARK HOTEL.

WHERE HE CAN BE CONSULTED ON

Diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, KIDNEYS and BLADDER.

As well as all

NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES.

DR. ALBERT is a regular graduate of one of the most eminent Medical Colleges of New York, and gives his special attention to the treatment of all forms of

Nervous and Chronic Diseases,

Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys and other organs; Rheumatism, Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Mental and Physical Prostration, Broken down Constitutions, Blotches, Nervousness, Dimness of Sight, Cough, Indigestion, Despondency, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, Defective Memory, &c.,

Successfully Treated and Permanently Cured by Remedies that are not Injurious.

DR. ALBERT has discovered the greatest cure in the world for Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Involuntary discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Languor, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight, or Giddiness, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those terrible disorders arising from solitary habits of youth, and secret habits, which unfit the victim for business or other duties of life—blighting their most radiant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intellect, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIED PERSONS or young men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, Loss of Procreative Powers, Impotency, or any other disqualifications, speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of DR. ALBERT, may confide in his honor as a gentleman and confidentially rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANAL WEAKNESS

immediately cured and full vigor restored. This distressing affliction—which renders life a burden and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victim of improper indulgence. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that ensue. Now who that understands this subject will deny that procreation is postponed by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious destructive symptoms of both mind and body arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental functions weakened. Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, and death.

A CURE WARRANTED.

PERSONS RUINED in health by unemployed pretenders, who keep them trifling month after month, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately. [illegible] known.

DR. ALBERT has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known, many being alarmed at certain sounds with frequent blushing attended sometimes with derangements of the mind, were immediately cured.

Take Particular Notice

DR. ALBERT addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits which ruin both mind and body, unfitting them for business, study, society or marriage. These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by the early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Function, Debility, Consumption, Etc.

REMARKABLE CURES perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. **NO EXPERIMENTS OR FAILURES,** it being self-evident that a Physician that confines himself exclusively to the study of certain classes of diseases, and who treats thousands every year must acquire greater skill in those branches than one in general practice. Parties treated by mail and express, but where possible personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE AND INVITED. CHARGES MODERATE AND CURABLE CASES GUARANTEED. Address, with postage.

DR. ALBERT,

P. O. BOX 1146, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Cases and correspondence sacredly confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States. Mar15-3m.

AWAKE! ARISE!

And see that our stock is entirely new. The latest improved. Equal to any and surpassed by none.

The Best is the Cheapest.

We are prepared to furnish Implements and Heavy Machinery at the Lowest possible Prices, and on the most **REASONABLE TERMS.** Our stock only requires an intelligent farmer to see and try the merits of our new and improved Implements to appreciate their value.

PLOWS.

Sulky Breaking, called Bonanza, with high wheels, causing it to run lighter than any in the market.

Sulky Breaking Combination Plow, with turntable, no hoisting out of the ground when turning corners.

B. D. Gebbs Combination Walking Plow, Improvement on the Pearless.

Old Reliable South Bend Plows.
Star or Burch Improved Plows.
Combination Clipper Plows.
The Old Wilson Steel Plows.

HARVEST MACHINERY.

Reliable and Improved McCormick Twine Binder, Daisey Reaper, Fremont New Mower, Iron Mower, Quaker City Mower.

Steel Tooth Hay Rakes.
Revolving Hay Rakes.
Hay Feeders.
Hay Elevators.
Steam Engines.
Threshing Machines.
Champion Grain Drills.
Champion Fertilizer Drill.
Pure Bone Fertilizer.
Pure Bone Chicken Feed.
Oval Churns.
Clothes Wringers.
Clothes Washers.
Clothes Racks.
Sewing Machines.
Grinde Stones.
School Desks.
Flower Seeds.

Field Rollers.
Iron Duke Harrow.
Acme Harrow.
Wood Frame Harrow.
Corn Cultivators.
Corn Cultivators on wheels.
Corn Planters.
Corn Fertilizers.
Drain Tile.
Sewer Pipe.
Chimney Flues.
Porcelino Pumps.
Wood Pumps.
Chain Pumps.
Iron Pipe.
Three-Horse Evenens.
Two-Horse Doubletrees.
Wheelbarrows.

The above is only a partial list of Implements and Machines in which we deal, and are acting as Agents. All of which will be sold at the Lowest Possible Prices, including fine first-class Buggies, with Howe's self-oiling Axel, made at Coshocton Steel Works.

ELLIOTT & ASKRENS,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON O.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

EYRE'S ACQUITTAL

A SEQUEL TO MADCAP; OR, THE STORY OF A SIN.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

PART II

CHAPTER I.

A boy was singing. "As pants the hart for cooling streams," and the exquisite voice soared, as it were, to the very gates of heaven, then sank down and down like silver into the depths of a clear well—sank into the very souls of some of those who heard him, and, by some curious association of ideas, caused Mr. Eyre to start violently and lean forward to gaze at the singer.

Why, this was the very boy whose voice had so enchanted Mrs. Eyre one hot May morning that she had compared it to cool rills of running water that refreshed body and soul as they fell; and Mr. Eyre, for a wonder, had accompanied her to church, had laughed, saying she only found the voice uncommon because it looks the boy happened to be a cherub.

And there stood the boy, cherubic, sweet-voiced, singing the very same words, and looking as if he had never done anything but sing ever since; and yet it was impossible that he should be the same. This must be a younger brother. . . . With a sudden gesture Mr. Eyre brushed his hands across his eyes, then looked around him, much as Rip Van Winkle may have done when he wakened from his long dream.

The boys and girls had grown into youths and maidens, the middle-aged folk had grown old, and many of the old men and women were missing from their places; the very clergyman had grown white-headed, and the clerk and sexton become bowed with rheumatism and age.

His glance came back to rest on the occupants of his own pew, and again he started, for it seemed to him that his wife stood before him—this was not the child who had drawn him hither each Sunday morning; but his lost Madcap, just as she had looked in the early days of her marriage, no whit older, or sadder, or less lovely than the girl at whom Mr. Eyre now so intently gazed.

The tall handsome lad beside her was Doune, the living image of what his father had been at twenty, and just then so deep in thought that he prayer-book had, unnoticed, slipped from his hand; but it was on the fourth occupant of the pew that Mr. Eyre's eye dwelled longest, a frown slowly gathering upon his brow.

The young man who had eaten of the fruit of Joyce's thunderbolts just then, or his ardent, eager eyes were fixed upon Madcap, who seemed unconscious of his presence and intent only on her devotions.

There was too much of the lover in that look, thought Mr. Eyre, even in the days when the lover was to his father's age of repression was not worn (illegible) Now when the lover was to the young and debonair daughter. Perhaps one (illegible) Perhaps the father's instinct (illegible) something nobler, and he trembles for the future of the tender, nurtured creature whose truest safety is by his side.

"I'll have no boy and girl love making here," thought Mr. Eyre, looking steadily at Madcap, who caught the glance and half smiled. "I'm first with her yet," was the continuation of his thoughts, as, folding his arms and with a gaze that went past her through the open door, he set himself to think of how it was that these twelve years had passed so swiftly that he hadn't taken no count of them till to-day.

Madcap's career and the gradually acquired mastery of Doune has occupied him a long while, and then, to be sure, there were the perilous years of the two young men to be watched over at school and college, and his own duties as landowner and magistrate to be performed, and the travel round, the common task, had so filled the days, that he had not room even for the episode of ambition and love that had in two several occasions threatened him. The first was when the Duke of Marmaton died, and Mr. Eyre was canvassed in the Conservative interest to stand for the county; but to such entreaties he turned a deaf ear, because his hometies so closely bound him that ambition offered no charms to him now.

The second episode came in the determinative siege of him by the Duke's widow, a beautiful woman, with whom Mr. Eyre had flirted before his marriage; and, as he would not run away, it was openly wondered that he did not marry her, if only to free himself from her persecutions.

For the rest, he had without an effort won back that position which he had once so entirely lost, and, in the eyes of his world, stood forth a man who had entirely lived down that one terrible, far-reaching sin of his youth, that in its consequences had so nearly wrecked his life.

But to-day, in his stubborn heart the old fierce question rose like a specter, and demanded its reply. The time of peace was over, and the moment for uprising at hand; and the foe that during the past years had frozen hard over one hidden volcano in his heart, shivered at a breath, and in that hour of awakening he realized that, amidst all his duties, she had been forgotten. Madcap saw the light flash to his eye, the color spring to his cheek, as rising, and making a gesture to them not to follow, he left the church, and walked straight to his wife's grave, where he stood for awhile looking down on it; then plucked a daisy, and placed it beside another that his pocket-book held; but with the second he laid away a vow.

Ay; but once before, and by her scarce cold clay, he had sworn an oath to her, and forgotten it; he had been happy in his home-life, while she, who had no share in it, lay here neglected and alone, while, secure from pursuit, her murderer walked the earth.

He had been asleep, but now he was awake, and to the bitter end would pursue that scheme so abruptly broken off by his little daughter's illness.

She was strong enough now, and, besides, there were others to love her if anything happened to himself. There was Doune; the boy's splendid training at his father's hands had left few fears as to his moral future; it was only from an intellectual standpoint that his father had fears for him, and he dreaded that abuse of application to the lad's studies that usually resulted in sleepless hours, and latterly in one or two curiously prolonged attacks of sleep-walking. But this tendency he would outgrow, and as to those issues involved in Doune's future knowledge of the manner of his mother's death, Mr. Eyre never troubled himself with conjectures concerning them; the boy knew him, ay, and loved him, as the father was very well aware.

Before he left his wife's grave, and long before that homily mismanned a sermon was half over, he had chalked out his plans, arranged his campaign, and, on reaching home in consulting his "Shipping Gazette," in which, as by a miracle, he found the very information he most desired.

His daughter's eyes had followed him as he left the church; but Doune had scarcely seemed to notice his father's exit, while Gordon thought that the flush on her cheeks, the unwonted restlessness of her movements, were due rather to her thoughts than Mr. Eyre's abrupt departure.

It was the young fellow's last day here; to-morrow he would return with Doune to keep his last term at Oxford, and then he would come home to settle down at the Towers.

Gordon saw Madcap there as his wife, and he meant to turn the old place upside down before he took her home to it, which would be somewhere about next autumn, he supposed, as then she would be full sixteen years old.

No lovers showed on the horizon; but, with one of those presages of true love or fear that often we call supernatural, the young fellow longed for some sign or promise of love from her before he left on the morrow.

He would be gone such a little while; and surely there could be no hurry; yet, as her eyes traveled past him down that gradually diminishing perspective of aisle and churchyard that ended in her mother's grave, he said to himself that he would within the hour put his fate to the touch, without the leave of Mr. Eyre or any other.

As the preacher's dull booming voice sounded faintly from afar, Gordon (unconsciously following Mr. Eyre's steps) went through a kind of retrospect of the past twelve years, in which the foremost figure was always—if with a hundred variations—Madcap.

If at three years he had slighted while he adored her, at six she had assumed airs of sovereignty to which he had submitted, while each succeeding year gave her fresh superiority over the lads who grew so fast, and must pass through all those awkward stages of youth through which the girl herself danced and played without the loss of a single grace or charm.

Tricksy as a brook that laughs over pebbles, but anon sinks into silence between high banks, with a depth of character that can hand in hand with those wild madcap spirits from which her mother had taken her name, as clear-brained as she was simple, as innocent as she was strong, Gordon's mind had never held but one idea of womanhood from his birth; and Madcap filled it.

His love exactly matched that pure, boyish ardent one that his dead cousin, Lord Lovel, had felt for Madcap's mother. Sixteen and eighteen, these had been the ages of the young pair, and now Gordon was eighteen and the younger Madcap fifteen and a half; and why might he not speak and secure his happiness before some other man appeared to dull or destroy his hopes?

In her education had been included no forward thoughts of men, and no self-consciousness marred that virginal look which we sometimes see in very young girls who from their birth have been kept far out of the reach even of a chance snatch of evil, and whose souls have been left as God made them, not molded to the lives of those to whom their training has been intrusted.

She was dressed in white, as it was Mr. Eyre's whim that she always should be; her gown was simply made, and reached to her ankles, while long white silk mittens that reached to her elbows were tied with narrow ribbons, and black shoes with silk stockings inside shod the most beautiful little foot in the county. But when the benediction was spoken, and the young pair paced down the churchyard walk together, while the villagers looked after them and smiled, as people will at the sight of love, youth, and beauty, Gordon's heart sank, so that in silence they went through the little gate and took the path that led homeward through Lord Lovel's woods, Doune having started off alone and at a great pace.

Softly as those who are shod in velvet the two went, and this silence was so unlike his roguish, saucy Madcap that; trembling, he thought she must know what was on his lips, and that, O! blessed and unsuspected sign of love, she was shy as himself.

The young May breezes stole ruffling round their lips and cheeks, for here might always be found freshness and shade; but even the beauty of her beloved woods could not rejoice the girl's heart that day, and when presently Gordon stooped down to look into her averted face, he saw that tears were running down her cheeks.

"*Madcap!*" he cried, moved to the soul by these signs of grief that must surely be for himself, "don't cry, I shall soon be back. This is May the 10th, and I shall be back the first week in July—come home for good."

"It's not you," said Madcap, ungratefully, as she dried her eyes; "it's—it's *Doune!*" The young lover recoiled, and the words of love died on his lips.

"Can't you see that he is killing himself with overwork?" said the girl, unheeding Gordon's looks; "he has been up night after night all through the recess, yet he rises at the same hour as we do, and he gives himself no rest; and now he is going back unrefreshed to harder work still and he will take to walking in his sleep, and perhaps fall off a chimney and be killed—my dear, darling Doune!"

"He has never gone further than the door of his chambers," said Gordon, in unsympathetic tones; "the bolts always wake him up—besides, I'm there to see that he comes to no harm."

"And yet you are going to leave him," said Madcap, looking at him with eyes in which reproach drowned itself in tears; "and who is going to pick him up, pray, if he falls out of a window, or—or telegraph to get me up in time?"

"You know, Madcap," said the young fellow, coldly, "that your father arranged for me to leave college one term before Doune did; but if you are so anxious to get rid of me for six months longer, why, I will stay the last term."

"Do," she said, her face clearing up; "and you and he shall come back together, and we will be as happy—as happy as can be!"

"Shall we?" said Gordon, rather wistfully, "I don't know. I'm not given to presentiments; but somehow I feel as if this were the last of our happy days, and that trouble is closing round us."

The girl started as though a chill breath had pierced the warm air around, and she grew a little pale as she said—

"I felt like that just now; but it is only that you are both going away to-morrow, and so we have got out of spirits and are superstitious. I even thought there was something amiss with father when he went out, and stayed so long by mother's grave; have you seen any signs of restlessness in him lately?" she added.

Now this was the last straw on Geordie's back. To be questioned about an elderly gentleman's bodily signs when you are bursting with your first declaration of love is surely beyond the endurance of any proper man of spirit.

"He is getting old," said Gordon, brusquely, and turning his back on her.

"Old?" repeated the girl in a startled tone. "Dear old dad is growing *old!* How dare you say such a thing, or turn your back upon me, Sir?" she added, stamping her foot (and here I must regretfully remark that she invariably stamped twice, where once would have satisfied her mother), and a flood of angry crimson rushing to her cheeks.

"He is getting old," said the young fellow, turning round to face her, with eyes angry as her own; "and of course he has whims, and can't sleep at nights, and feels the heat in church. But is all this any reason, pray, why you should forget I am going away, as well as Doune, to-morrow?"

"Poor Geordie!" she said; and he felt that he hated his name, and wished it had been any other. "But you will come back; and you are so young; and you say he is getting old. . . . Why, there is no real work for which he is not fitter and stronger than you or Doune!"

"Thank you," said Gordon, feeling the insult to his youth keenly. "Perhaps when Doune and I are elderly men, there may be one or two things that we can do to your satisfaction."

"Elderly men are so much more interesting than young ones," said the girl, stooping to pluck a sorrel-leaf, and grimacing as she ate it. "But what is the matter with you this morning? You look as cross as two sticks, and usually you are so good-tempered——"

"Good-tempered!" exclaimed the sorely tried young man. "Why, to be a good-tempered man is to be the butt—the fool of one's company——"

"Yes—but you are only a boy," said Madcap, slipping her hand through his arm as he spoke; "how dreadful it will be when we are really grown up," and she sighed, as at the thought of departing joys.

"I don't suppose any of us will grow much more," said Gordon, gloomily, and feeling that his wooing was going from bad to worse, "though I have heard of girls growing after they were sixteen."

"But I'm only fifteen and a half, Geordie," said the girl, almost piteously, as she looked up into his clouded face, and speaking as one who laments to lose something precious; "don't forget that every year I grow older; father gets older too—as you were cruel enough to remind me just now!"

"And youth is the time in which to enjoy yourself, and I am growing older, too," said Gordon, with a ruthlessness that only the pain of love could justify, "Are we to be children *always*, because Mr. Eyre is a quarter of a century ahead of us?"

Madcap drew her hand away, and, with something of her father's odd sense of awakening, looked at the young man before her.

"You are grown up, I suppose," she said, after a minute's dispassionate survey of him, "and you have a mustache—I never noticed it before—and Doune has none; but he is a year younger than you, and, after all, I don't think one would suit him."

He answered nothing; he was dumb with helpless anger and misery as he walked beside her.

Her instinct, usually so fine, was at fault here; for, preoccupied by thoughts of Doune and her father, she never dreamed of the turmoil going forward in the breast of her companion, and who in her mind, and despite that unexpected discovery of his mustache, was still a boy.

"Let us sit down," she said, as one suddenly fatigued; and Gordon felt that the sequel to his chapter of accidents had come, when he found himself enthroned on moss, in all the agony of those go-to-meeting clothes that he abhorred.

His tall hat, at least, he might lose without indecorum, and this he sent flying with a vigor that nearly wrecked it against a neighboring tree, and brought Madcap to a more attentive consideration of him than she had hitherto vouchsafed.

His good looks, though remarkable in themselves, were of that Saxon order that no one dreams of calling uncommon, and he had always suffered in Madcap's eyes from being placed in juxtaposition with Doune, whose keen, dark, brilliant beauty was peculiar to the males of his family.

"Are you all bewitched together?" she said, "first father, then Doune, now you?"

"Yes, I am bewitched," he said, not looking at her, and thinking that no man of mettle or sense ever sat down to a declaration of love, and certainly not with such scant encouragement as was his.

To be chaffed, to be called a boy at nearly one-and-twenty, to be congratulated on a mustache, as if it were a new doll or a popgun, to suggest sitting down when he would have found it a better sign in her if she had run away from him; were not all these things sufficient to anger even one of the gentle, sweet-blooded Lovels? When he had dispatched his gloves after his hat he felt better, but still looked cross enough to amaze Madcap, who had not the clew to his thoughts, and who now capped all her other misdeeds by bursting into a peal of laughter.

"Why don't you send your coat after the rest?" she said. "I've seen you often enough in your shirt-sleeves—though I don't find the day hot at all; I am perfectly cool."

"You need not tell me that," said the young man, who had folded his arms on his breast, and now looked as miserable as he had before looked angry. "You are always cool about everything that concerns me, but you put yourself into a fever if your father or Doune get a finger-ache."

"Why, Geordie," she said, opening her eyes very wide, "are you jealous?"

"My name is Gordon," said the young fellow, crossly. "Whoever nick-named me that detestable *Geordie* ought to be shot. I may be only a boy, but I'll be hanged if I answer to that name again!"

"Shall I call you Lord Lovel?" she said, in a gentle voice, that made him turn swiftly to look at her; but alas!

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie;

and these pits were filled up and brimming over with laughter as the rest of her face, and while ravishing, served only to enrage him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Madcap," he said; "if you go on laughing at me this way, I'll box your ears—or—kiss you."

"It would not be for the first time," said Madcap, placidly, and with a shameless disregard of her situation; "kissing me, I mean. But as to the other, why that's one of my prerogatives; for you know I've boxed your ears almost ever since I was born."

"Yes—that's just it," said the young man, bitterly. "I was fool enough to let you, whereas if I had given you a lot of trouble, and kept you in order, you would think as much of me now. As it is, Doune and your father make a double-first (he laughed angrily, at his own bad joke), and I'm not in it."

"Yes, you are," she said, but rather coldly, for she was offended at the rebellion of her slave; "but, of course, they are first. And your stupid joke reminds me of something I wanted to ask you; do you think Doune will pass with first class honors next term?"

"Hang first-class honors!" said Gordon, letting go the last remnant of his manners.

"By all means, Lord Lovel," said Madcap, red with anger. "To be sure, with you it is a case of sour grapes for you never had a chance of winning any; your chief laurels were earned in cricket and boating——"

"And a very good job, too," cut in Gordon, ruthlessly. "If I had glued my nose to my books as Doune did, and not taken him down the river for a breather now and then, he would be in a mad asylum by now."

"Oh, there's no disgrace in rowing in the Oxford Eight," said Madcap, loftily, "especially if you can't do anything else"—here Gordon bounced on his mossy seat, and felt that a few more minutes of this would finish him—"but then you kept rats in your rooms, and——"

"Uncommonly useful they were," said Gordon, heartlessly. "I trained them to run up Doune's legs, and they sent him off to bed every night a good three hours before he would otherwise have gone."

"And you were had up before the dons——"

"Old asses," interpolated Gordon, parting with his last shred of manners.

"And were nearly rusticated," said Madcap, swallowing a smile, and with her voice stern as she could make it; "but that was for some disgraceful piece of business that you got into all by yourself, for Doune and father could tell me nothing about it."

"That's my business!" he said, shortly; "but I'm getting tired of being a mere caretaker to Doune——"

"A caretaker?" said Madcap, sitting erect, and with flashing eyes. "Is he not strong and clever enough to take care of himself?"

"Is he?" said Gordon, still in that hard tone. "Well, I gave up the Guards to remain with him at Oxford——"

"I thought it was because you wished to settle down at the Towers," said Madcap, whose color had begun to sink before the energy of the young man, so that in ten minutes he had gained that place in her esteem which twenty-one years of honest unselfish service had not brought him.

"I could have settled down here all the same," said Gordon. "I should have enjoyed a few years in the Army down to the very ground—I was never cut out for pursuits such as Doune loves—for, as you say, I have no brains, never had any."

Madcap said nothing, but looked at him with new eyes, as, with averted head, he went on speaking.

"I am talking like a sweep," he said, "but you have provoked me into it, and whatever I have done for Doune, I take no credit for it—it was not for him"—he turned and looked at her, and through all his anger and trouble the yearning, eager look in his eyes showed like a rift of blue sky through clouds, and touched Madcap to the heart.

"We have never quarreled before, Geordie—much," she said, with a little tremble of the mouth; "and I do not want you to go—angry."

His face changed as one may see a field of grain that is colorless beneath a stormy sky, pass suddenly into a flood of gold, one knows not how, one knows not whence, but light is there . . . and so in a human soul love will work the selfsame miracle, and Madcap drew back startled at the transfiguration her words had wrought in the young fellow's face.

"Madcap," he cried, forgetting to think of whether he were sitting or standing (and, in point of fact, he was kneeling), "I have been a brute to you—but I was so jealous and so miserable—and you'll forgive me, dear, won't you?" he said, humbly, as he took the slender mittened hand, prayer-book and all, and kissed it passionately.

Now, if he had kept up his hard-heartedness two minutes longer, perhaps, if he had boxed her ears soundly, as he had threatened, she might have taken him as master for once and all "under the greenwood-tree," for her spirit had responded to his manliness; and next to her father and Doune, she had always loved him best—and often the second best love ends by becoming the first.

But that kiss made him once more her slave, and the lesson of love was as yet beyond her comprehension, since there was no inward teaching to enable her to learn it. . . . And so Gordon got a stone for bread when she said, with her hand still in his,

"You know I love you, and I cannot bear you to go away, and to-morrow this time I shall be crying over you both——"

"Both!" he could have let go her hand, but that he was ashamed of his late outbreak, and wanted to atone for it. And there were tears in her eyes, rarely enough permitted by her three faithful henchmen. Yet he risked all as he said:

"Are you crying for Doune or for me?"

She looked at him with the tears in her eyes, trembling, but still unfallen on her cheeks, and perhaps (though so young) some glimmering of love came to her then, and unwittingly she stood on its brink perhaps (for who shall fix to a moment the turn of the tide, the decline of a sunset, or the meridian of summer?). She might have taken the golden moment that led on to happiness and honor, but that some need from within, some lack from without stayed her.

Gordon felt that the moment was missed, and the opportunity gone, as she said, holding up her face to him like a scolded child who seeks to make amends;

"You'll kiss me, Geordie, and be friends?"

Perhaps the sanctity of her youth sank into him then . . . perhaps the thought of certain passages in his life shamed him . . . but as they leaned their two young heads together, curiously alike as a youth and a maiden often are, he only kissed her cheek.

Was he a fool? I trow not.

[To be Continued.]

TALMAGE.

(CONTINUED FROM 3D PAGE.)

oaded gravel cars went smoothly over it, tens of thousands of people on the Canadian and American banks applauding spectators. And however long the train of our mortal necessities we are to remember that the bridge of God's mercy spanning the awful chasm of sin has been successfully tested by the full tonnage of the pardoned crimes of all ages, church militant watching from one bank and church triumphant watching from the other bank. It was the seven-deviled Mary who supposed Christ to be the gardener.

UNNOTICED RESURRECTION INCIDENTS.

Another thing not noticed about this scene of the text is that it was in the morning twilight. If chronometers had been invented so early, and Mary Magdalen had owned as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time, she would have taken it out and found it to be about 5:30 A. M. Matthew describing the hour says: "As it began to dawn." Mark says, "At the rising of the sun." Luke says, "Very early in the morning." John says, "When it was yet dark". In other words, it was twilight. That was the hour at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means that there are shadows about the tomb, unlifted, mysterious, hovering, unexplained. Easter twilight but not Easter noon. Mary stooped down and looked until her eyesight was strained to see to the other end of the crypt and gave hysteric outcry. Do not let us be wearied because we cannot see clear through to the other side of our grave or to the other side of the graves of our dead. We ought not to expect to have it brighter around our family lot than it was about that of Joseph of Arimathea. Twilight around Christ's grave? Why not? For the present twilight around all the graves. Twilight of unanswered questions; Why were they taken from us? Why were they given at all if so soon to be taken? Why were they snatched away so suddenly? Why could we not have a few farewell words? Why? Such a short word and yet in it such crucifixions of agony. Why? Shadows on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadows on the graves of all the children because we cannot understand why such a beautiful craft should have been launched to be wrecked one mile outside the harbor.

But what had Mary to do in order to see clear through the mausoleum? Only to wait. The sun rolled up through the heavens and the tomb was flooded with light. Don't let us get morbid because of the present twilight that hovers over our family sepulchres or over our own expected pillow of dead leaves. Charles V of Spain took a torch and went in the vaults of the necropolis where his ancestors were buried and where he was himself to lie down. Deeper and further going with his servants till he came to a crucifix around which were the caskets of his ancestors, and when he had opened the bronze chest in which some of his kindred lay, he came upon the form of one of his household, by embalmer's art kept perfect as eighteen years before at her burial. But his body and mind perished at the result of this exploration. Do not let us in our morbidity struggle with the sepulchral shadows, for remember it is not an evening twilight to get darker and darker, but a morning twilight to melt into an ocean of day. Roll on and roll up, thou Easter sun, till we shall get back our dead. I preach it—sunrise over the Pere-la-chaise! Sunrise over Greyfriar's churchyard. Sunrise over Woodlawn. Sunrise over Greenwood. Sunrise over Laurel Hill. Sunrise over the catacombs and village graves and coral depths of the sea. Only 5:30 o'clock now among the tombs, it is going to be high noon of explanation and beautitude. It was in the morning twilight that Mary Magdalen saw the supposed gardener.

Another thing unnoticed in this resurrection of Christ is his pathetic credentials. How do you know but that He was only an earthly gardener? His clothes said He was. The flakes of ground upon Him said He was. How are we sure that this was the Christ instead of a gardener? Ah, before the day had gone He showed to His disciples His hands and side. The three scars were His credentials. Three paragraphs written on ridged or depressed cuticle—one on the right palm, one on the left palm, the other amid the ribs—scars! scars! They scattered the incognito. That is the way they knew Him. That is the way we shall recognize Him when we meet. Scars all over Him, for that Easter He showed to His disciples only a part of His credentials. What does that mean? That we will all, among other things, recognize each other in heaven by the old scars of earth. Scars of accident, scars of bereavement, scars of persecution, scars of betrayal, scars of battle, scars of hard work, scars of sickness, scars of old age. Our bodies are

GOING TO BE REMODELED

and glorified, but we are going to keep the scars. Christ's resurrected body with the scars all on make me think so. Why, before we get out of this world the most of us will be scars all over. Heaven will not be a bay into which summer yachts float with gay bunting and embroidered sails as fair as when they were first unfurled, but a navy yard into which shall come to lay at anchor men-of-war from Trafalgar and Lepanto, all sides struck of 74-pounders and decks scratched with bursting shell and mast twisted off. Old "Constitutions" and "Constellations" of hard service discharged forever from work. On resurrection day Christ was identified and credentialed by his scars, and we shall at last know Him by the scars and know each other by the scars. You have thought of them as disfigurements or badges of endurance. Now then I tell you they are to be the means of your recognition.

Once more, you have not noticed that after Christ had lain from Friday to Sunday lifeless in a hot climate where sanitary prudence compels burial the next day and where there is no ice to retard dissolution, He is not only exhumed but positively robust as one who is bronzed of outdoor work, many not taking Him for an invalid just from a hospital or a corpse risen from the tomb, but "supposing Him to be a gardener," healthy by the upturning of the soil and a life in the sunshine. After His interment every cellular tissue had broken down and artery and nerve and brain were a wreck physiologically. Yet here He is rosate and swarthy and complete. Well, if God could turn such a mortuary state into such a radiant animation that settles it that whatever may become of the bodies of our Christian friends they can be reconstructed, all the nerves strung, all the bones jointed, the optic nerve resumed, the ear drum vibrating and all the body set up, except its imperfection and worldly uses for which we need no resurrection. Come, come! It is almost time for us to get ready and go out and meet our reanimated dead.

This body of Christ coming up healthy after all its lacerations shows me that all the grave can keep is our wounds and physical defects and weaknesses. Christ had been put in the tomb exhausted and bloodless from His wounds. All the life currents had been poured out. After a life of fatigue and hunger and suffering He died a lingering death. His whole weight being on spikes, and no invalid after ten years' sufferings went into his grave so emaciated and ghastly as Christ, and yet here He is, three days after, so free from all wounds and so rubicund of cheek that Mary supposes Him to be the gardener.

So we will leave our sideaches and headaches and backaches and legaches and heartaches where Christ left His. Your ear will come up without its heaviness; your eye without its dimness; your step without its rheumatic halt; your lungs without oppressed respiration. What races we will run when we become immortal athletes! What circuits we will take when with all our physical imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added we shall set up our new residence in the capital of the universe, in which, with more inhabitants than all our earthly cities combined, we shall not for all eternity be called to observe one obsequy. Standing, this Easter morning, among the shattered masonry of a Savior's sepulchre I point you to a world without hearse or muffled drum or tumulus or cairn or catafalque or tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed not one rendering of dead march in Saul, but whole librettos of hallelujah chorus! Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to organ and knee to altar and loving forehead against the warm bosom of the risen Christ. Hallelujah, amen! Hallelujah, amen!

What a Baptist Minister Says.

New Freeport, Pa., Aug. 4, 1883.—G. Holdstein:—I have been afflicted for a long time with liver complaint and constipation. I have tried many remedies and several doctors but they failed. Have used three bottles of your Aromanna, and find it the very thing I needed. Shall recommend it to all who are suffering in the same way. John West, Pastor Baptist Church. Sold by J. F. Compton. 29-4t

In the year 1883 there was one divorce to every seventeen marriages in Ohio, but for every seven marriages there was one application for divorce.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, Itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co. Coshocton, O.

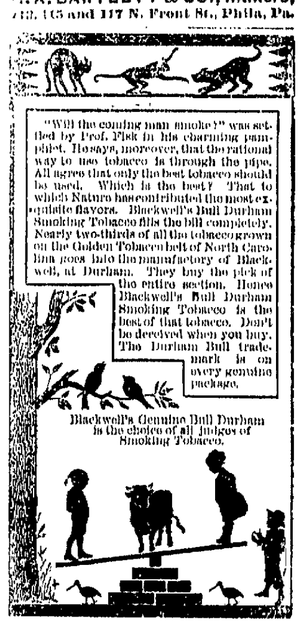
TID BITS

"A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing"—Encyclopædia

SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!

H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers,

113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills invaluable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches.

This best internal and external remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eight languages.

Price 50 cents and $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Pain in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

☞ The best family pill, made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

March April May

When the weather grows warmer, that extreme tired feeling, want of appetite, dullness, languor, and lassitude, afflict almost the entire human family, and scrofula and other diseases caused by humors, manifest themselves with many. It is impossible to throw off this debility and expel humors from the blood without the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I could not sleep, and would get up in the morning with hardly life enough to get out of bed. I had no appetite, and my face would break out with pimples. I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling, and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, O.

"I had been much troubled by general debility. Last spring Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the thing needed. I derived an immense amount of benefit. I never felt better." H. F. MILLET, Boston, Mass.

At no other season is the system so susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable tonic and invigorant. The impure state of the blood, the deranged digestion, and the weak condition of the body, caused by its long battle with the cold, wintry blasts, all call for the reviving, regulating and restoring influences so happily and effectively combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me a great deal of good. I had no particular disease, but was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For seven years, spring and fall, I had scrofulous sores come out on my legs, and for two years was not free from them at all. I suffered very much. Last May I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken two bottles, the sores healed and the humor left me." C. A. ARNOLD, Arnold, Me.

"There is no blood purifier equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla." E. S. PHELPS, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

5 SPLENDID VARIETIES all labeled, your CHOICE 12 for $2. 10 for $3. 25 " 4. 35 " 5. 75 " 10. 100 " 13. $1

Strong Pot Plants, for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail, post paid to all point.

WE GIVE AWAY In Premiums and EXTRAS more Roses than most establishments grow, and are the only concern making a SPECIALTY Business of Roses. Sixty Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp., elegantly illustrated, sent FREE

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co. Pa

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

SORE EYES SCROFULA MALARIA AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

CURE BOILS TUMORS PIMPLES

R. S. LILLARD & CO. PROPS. PITTSBURG, PA.

Connotton Valley R. R. Time Card.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after SUNDAY, December 9, the trains on the line of this Railway will arrive and depart from Coshocton, as follows:

Standard Time 32 minutes slower than Cleveland Time.

Leave Coshocton.		Arrive, Cleveland.	
Express	4:12 a m	Express	9:17 a m
Mail	2:17 p m	Mail	7:07 p m
Local Freight	6:17 a m	Local Freight	
Leave Cleveland		**Arrive Coshocton.**	
Mail	7:00 a m	Canton	11:02 p m
Express	3:42 p m	Mail	11:57 a m
Local Freight		Express	6:37 p m
Canton	12:02 p m	Local Freight	9:15 p m

Trains arrive and depart from New Passenger Depot, Cleveland, one thousand feet from Public Square.

A. M. BRIGGS, Gen'l Ticket & Gen Man'r Cleveland, O.

H. B. DENHAM, Gen Pass Agt. Canton, O.

ALBERT ROBINSON, Ass't. Gen. Pass Agt Cleveland, O

Notice to Bridge Builders.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Auditor's office, Coshocton county, Ohio, until one o'clock p. m.,

Thursday, May 15th, 1884,

for the construction of the masonry for a bridge over the Walhonding river at or near what is known as the Rodebaugh ford in New Castle township. Sealed proposals will also be received at the same time and place for the superstructure for a bridge at the above described site. The bridge will consist of either three spans of about 140 feet each, or two spans of about 210 feet each, with a 16 foot roadway, and proportioned to carry a moving load of 100 pounds per square foot, exclusive of the bridge weight, with a factor of safety of four. Bids are desired on both two and three spans. Each bidder will state the price per lineal foot for the superstructure and per perch for the masonry. Bidders for the superstructure will be required to furnish plans for the same, with maximum strain, diagrams and detail specifications. Each proposal must be accompanied by a bond of $500, payable to the State of Ohio, for the use and benefit of Coshocton county, guaranteeing that the bidder will enter into a contract for the work if awarded to him. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids at their discretion.

J. W. CASSINGHAM, Auditor of Coshocton Co. O.

April 2.

J. J. BROWER, M. D.,

Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,

Cornor Walnut St. and Burt Ave, Coshocton.

Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M., 12 to 2 P. M and 5 to 7 P. M.

T. C. BREWER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in room occupied for a number of year in Roscoe, by Dr. M. Johnson. Calls promptly answered. Nov24-3m.

Dr. F. E. STOAKS,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Coshocton, Ohio.

OFFICE—Located in Forbes Block, 2d floor.

Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M

☞ Residence on N. Fifth street, near Arlington House. Nov19 1y.

E. T. SPANGLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

HOWARD W. LUCCOCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Main Street, over the Commercial Bank.

J. M. COM

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to write the beginning of an article, in an elegant, interesting manner,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness

"And ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observations."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away, all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father Is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable"

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters." A LADY OF UTICA, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.

83 acres in White Eyes township, near Chili 60 cleared, 23 in wood land. Water in every field. Good frame house, good log barn, 60X28, and other necessary out-buildings. A good coal bank—four feet vein and two good openings. A big demand for coal the year around. Call on or address, MARTIN GROSS, Mar29-6t Chili, Ohio.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD [illegible]

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE [illegible]

[illegible]

13 THOUSANDS OF CASES [illegible]

[illegible]

PRICE, $1.00 [illegible]

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. [illegible]

KIDNEY-WORT

TOBACCO CHEWERS

A REWARD

Of $555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great

ZOO-ZOO

CHEWING TOBACCO

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 to 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th, 1,000 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, etc. in highest, $90, and so on down to a 1lb. plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Have the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the

WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

Cut address out and paste on Envelope. This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO. Insist on having it and you will use no other.

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 per bottle.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Proprietors. St. Joseph, Mo. (11)

Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.

Sold by all Druggists.

Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Agents, Chicago Ill.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflamation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

HAY-FEVER NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y. Mar30-1y.

Free Wool

The cry set up by the Democrats last fall about the reduction of the tariff on wool is familiar to our readers. Just how much in earnest they were in the effort to restore the tariff is familiar now also, since the bill to do the same was badly defeated in a Democratic Congress. As an evidence of the feeling among the Democratic leaders on the question, we below reproduce the speech made by Representative Frank Hurd, of this State. It is well worthy of perusal, and is like rubbing salt into the wounds of the so-called tariff on wool Democrats:

MR. HURD'S SPEECH.

Mr. Hurd said:

I am opposed to this motion, because I think the subject to which it relates ought to be considered in connection with the general tariff measure. I am opposed to it also because I am opposed to the passage of this bill. It proposes to increase the price of wool. This it does directly by increasing the duties on foreign wool required in domestic manufactures.

The plain question thus presented is, Ought the price of wool to be increased by legislation? There are three classes interested in the answer to this question—those who consume articles made of wool, those who manufacture woolen goods, and those who produce the raw wool itself.

The manifest effect of the proposed legislation upon the first class will be to increase to the consumer the price of woolen goods, for you cannot add to the cost of the material of which an article is made without increasing the price of the article itself. Ought those woollen goods to be made more expensive to the consumer?

To this question there should be but one answer. At all times and under all circumstances in our northern climate wool is an indispensable article of daily use. It is shelter to the homeless, covering to the shivering and fue' when the light of the fire is extinguished. While it is requisite for the comfort of the rich in their palaces, it is also a necessary in the daily life of the poor. Without the protection of woollen clothing the condition of the mechanic and artisan at his toil would be insufferable and miserable when his toil is ended. If this be true ordinarily, how painfully so now, as this has been a winter of unexampled severity. More than half a million of laborers have been out of employment, in debt, without wages, these men everywhere have been compelled to see their families suffer because they could not get the work they are anxious to do. To these sufferers has this Congress nothing to say, except that the necessaries of life shall be made dearer? The very proposition is a mockery of their misfortunes. To pass this bill would be an insufferable act of cruelty to millions.

Mr Speaker, the time is not opportune to make clothing, already far too high, more expensive. If subsidies must be given to any industry, take them out of your overflowing Treasury, not out of your suffering poor.

INTERESTS OF THE MANUFACTURER.

But, secondly, how will the bill affect the woollen manufacturer? That interest is everywhere in a state of depression. Many mill owners have gone into insolvency; many more have reduced the hours of labor; more have closed their mills temporarily, and few run them all the time and to the full extent of their capacity. In the midst of this depression does Congress propose to add to their burdens by increasing the cost of their raw material? Their present embarrassment is largely the result of the high price of the foreign wool they are compelled to purchase. The duty paid, with the expense of importation, as the tariff now stands, is nearly sixty per cent. on the coast at the point of shipment. In 1880 American manufacturers consumed in their mills about three hundred million pounds of wool, of which nearly seventy-five millions were imported. One-fourth of their consumption was foreign wool. The mills have capacity to consume nearly twice as much. Therefore to manufacture to the extent of half their capacity one-fourth of the material required was foreign wool increased in price more than fifty per cent.

American mills can manufacture nearly six hundred millions of pounds annually. American wool producers produce about three hundred millions of pounds. The high duty prevents the manufacturer from obtaining the necessary amount of raw material to supply the deficiency of home product. By your high tariff you limit them to half their producing capacity and rob a hundred thousand men of employment. You also deprive the American of the foreign market. England, with her wool, exports annually $120,000,000 worth of woollen goods, while America exports scarcely $400,000 worth. Pass this bill increasing the price of foreign wool and you add to the embarrassment of every woollen manufacturer, make necessary a further reduction in the wages of their operatives and fasten against them still more tightly the doors of the market of the world.

THE WOOL GROWERS INTERESTS.

It is sought to justify the wrong to the consumer and manufacturer by saying that the price of the wool of the American farmer will be increased. But in this the American wool grower is deluded. Who buys the fleeces of the American farmer? Individuals merely do not purchase wool to spin and weave into clothes themselves. The American manufacturer makes the market for the American wool grower. Just as he prospers or is depressed are the prices of wool high or low. Men in good fortune can afford to pay and do pay better prices than men whom adversity has overtaken. The manufacturers are now embarrassed largely on account of the high duty on foreign wool. We find the price of American wool very low. I charge that the low price of American wool is largely attributable to the high price of foreign wool. There are three general grades of wool in the market—the superfine or Silesian wool, the intermediary or combing wool and the coarser carpet wools. Of these America does not and cannot produce the superfine or carpet wool. It is clear therefore, that no duty on them can protect any American farmer, because he does not grow such wools. So far as the intermediary grade is concerned the American farmer needs the foreign wool to mix with our own in order to produce the best results. No manufacturer can make the highest grades of cloths out of Aemrican wool alone. There is a fibre or a quality in the foreign wool which ours does not possess. The commingling of the two makes the best cloths. Consequently the manufacturer will only import those wools which he can use to the best advantage in connection with American wools. I believe that every pound of this class imported will make more valuable every pound raised here. The basis of my proposition on this point is that foreign wool which manufacturers require, does not come to compete with American wool, but to supplement its deficiency. The lower the price of the foreign wool the better the price the manufacturer can afford to pay for the domestic wool. This is no mere conjecture. During the era of low duties on wool, from 1847 to 1861, American wool of the same grade was on an average 4 cents a pound more than during the era following the high duties of 1867.

WOOL ON THE FREE LIST.

Mr. Speaker, I believe that if wool were placed on the free list, with a proportionate reduction in the duties on woolen goods, the result would be a large increase in the business of manufacturers, a large addition to the number of operatives employed, an advance of at least ten per cent. in the price of the better grades of American wool, and the reduction of the price of woollen goods at least twenty-five per cent. to the consumers.

But, Mr. Speaker, whatever may be done hereafter in this Congress on this subject, I am satisfied that this bill ought not to pass, and that it should go to the Ways and Means Committee to be considered there as well as other propositions relative to the tariff.

I know that I have been requested by the Democratic legislature of my native State to vote for this bill. I have great respect for it as a body and a high opinion of its individual members, so many of whom I personally know. But I would not for considerations of party expediency, vote at this time to make woollen clothing dearer to the American people if every Democrat in Ohio should request it.

Questions at Teachers Examination Held Saturday, April 12.

U. S. HISTORY.

1—What is the motto of the United States? Of Ohio? Meaning of each?

2—Who discovered the Ohio? The Mississippi?

3—Give two causes of the late civil war.

4—What was the Wilmot proviso?

5—What is a "protective tariff?"

6—How are United States Senators elected, and for what time?

7—From what nations have we acquired Louisiana, Florida, California and Alaska?

8—When and where was negro slavery introduced into America, and when and by whom was the emancipation proclamation issued?

9—What nation contributed largely to the success of the Americans in their struggle for independence?

10—Name two important advantages of a knowledge of history.

ARITHMETIC.

1—For what must I sell a horse that cost me $150, to gain 35 per cent.?

2—A has cloth at $3.25 per yard, and B has flour at $5.50 per barrel. If in trading, A puts his cloth at $3.62½, what should B charge for his flour?

3—An apothecary bought 5 lbs., 10 oz. of quinine, at $2.20 an oz., and sold it in doses of 9 grains, at 10 cents a dose; how much did he gain?

4—Find the face of a 6 months note, which, discounted at 10 per cent. per annum, yields $4,850.

5—How many wine gallons in a bucket in the form of a frustrum of a cone, the diameter of the top and bottom being 13 in. and 10 in., and depth 12 in.?

6—Divide 1000 by .001.

7—The fore-wheel of a wagon is 13 ft. 6 in. in circumference, and the hind wheel 18 ft. 4 in.; how many more revolutions will the fore-wheel make than the hind one in going five miles?

8—Give rule for finding the difference of time between two places, their difference of longitude being given.

READING.

1. What determines the proper accent of words?

2. What is accent? Primary accent? Secondary accent?

3. Mark the accent on the following words: Coadjutor, Mausoleum, Tirade, Combatant, and Indisputable.

4. Why are gestures used?

5. What do you understand by compass and strength of voice?

6. What are simple, compound and derivitive words?

7. Name the letters that are never silent? What is the use of a silent letter?

8. For what purpose are words divided into syllables?

9. Spell correctly: Stricknine, Obleek, Lackrimel, Bivwak, Koochook, Tizic, Obesence, Averis, Silinder, and Courshun.

10. Correct the following: An acomplis served the sursingal and he was thrown taring his aparrell on a bisickle.

GEOGRAPHY.

1. What is local geography?

2. Name the five largest cities of the United States in order of population.

3. Locate the physical zones.

4. To whom do the Philippine Islands belong?

5. Give capital of Louisiana, Turkey in Asia.

6. What and where is Transvaal?

7. Which is the most important colony of Australia?

8. What is the climate of Ohio?

9. What is satured air? What is a Port of Entry?

10. Which has the longer day during the summer season, Coshocton or Havana? Which during the winter season?

GRAMMAR.

Parse the italicized words, giving their properties and relations, and number them in their order.

1—The honey-bee *that* wanders all *day* long
2—The *fields*, the woodland, and the garden *o'er*,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
3—*Humming* in calm content his quiet *song*,
Seeks not *alone* the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips;
But from all ranks and noisome weeds he sips
5—The single *drop* of sweetness ever *pressed*
With the poisoned chalice.

Write the following correctly and give your reasons for the change:

6—It was him who committed the fault.

7—These sort of animals is found only in a warm climate.

8—Either of the five men was considered qualified.

9—The ship is soon expected to arrive.

10—He is not nearly as energetic as his friend.

No Cards for Phil.

"Card room, eh?" remarked a reporter as he glanced into Phil Milligans little office under the stairway.

"Well, I should say *not*," replied the genial manager with considerable emphasis. "I fairly hate the sight of a card. I should rather have a rattlesnake in my hand than a card, for I could take the rattlesnake up to the museum and make him of some use to me, but I've no use for cards."

"You must have played 'em up high some night when the other fellow held the best hand," said the reporter inquiringly.

"No, it wasn't poker that made me hate cards, but only a quiet game of seven-up. Shortly after the close of the war my partner and myself had a nice place in Philadelphia and were doing a big business. We had a habit, whenever business was slack, of sitting down in the office and playing a game of old sledge for the beer or cigars. I used to drink beer in those days, but I quit it long ago. One day he and I and a man who worked for us were playing a game for the cigars—three for a quarter. It was very close, and at the end I had it in my power to give the game to either one of them. I thought my partner could stand it better than the fellow who was working on a salary, and so I stuck him.

"Well, sir, he got mad and abused me so that I got mad and chucked the cards into the stove. That made him madder still, and before night we had dissolved partnership, I paying him a big bonus to get out. Then he went and rented a place next door, and started in opposition to me, and we went to running each other. He thought he could run me out, and I thought I could run him out, and we kept thinking so until we both went broke. The sheriff sold me out—didn't even have the mermaid left. I haven't played a card since I played that game in Philadelphia. They're altogether too expensive a luxury."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Would Take Chloroform.

On the occasion of the presentation of a silver service to Mr. Joseph Knight, a London dramatic critic, which took place recently in that city, the chairman, Mr. Toole, told, among other things, with much pathos, how a few days ago a friend of his had gone into a barber-shop to be shaved. Said he, in his gravest manner, to the barber: "Have you got that razor you shaved me with yesterday?" "Oh, yes, sir," said the barber, with much exuberance and delight at the favorable appreciation and tender interest evinced in his instrument, rubbing his hands and reaching it down. "Here it is, sir." "Ah, well," said the visitor, dryly, after a little hesitation, "then—yes—then—I'll take chloroform, please."

Wonders Never Cease.

A long time ago the wise man said there is nothing new under the sun, but the daily experience of hundreds seem to prove this false. Some contend that the days of miracles are past, but yet it appears as if they are not yet gone by when such men as J. N. Tidbal, of Washington, Pa., give the following remarkable testimony:

"I have been a severe sufferer from chronic rheumatism and kidney affection for over twenty years, and after having tried nearly everything without getting relief, commenced using PERUNA a few months ago. The benefit I have received is wonderful. I feel like a new man and am fully restored to health."

Surely such a cure is remarkable, and none should hesitate any longer about using PERUNA, the great remedy discovered by Dr. Hartman. Send to your druggist for a bottle and ask for his book on the "Ills of Life."

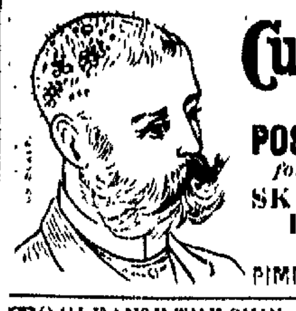
We feel that we are doing the public a favor in calling their attention particularly to Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is not a patent medicine, but a proprietary article, possessing real merits, curative properties, and its effects upon the Blood are very positive. Spring Debility Billiousness, Dispepsia, and all troubles caused by impure blood readily yield to this excellent medicine. We think those who give it a trial for that "out of sorts" feeling from which so many suffer and which is peculiar to this season, will be quite satisfied with the result.

A Lady's Perfect Companion,

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH, a new book, tells how any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to prevent and overcome morning sickness, swelled limbs, and all other evils attending pregnancy. Physicians highly recommend it as the wife's true private companion. Send two-cent stamp for full descriptive circular, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address, FRANK THOMAS & Co., Pubs, Baltimore, Md. Jan10-p8m.-1y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.



Cuticura A POSITIVE CURE *for every form of* SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE. FROM PIMPLES to SCROFULA

TO CLEANSE THE SKIN, Scalp, and Blood of Itching Scaly, Pimply, Copper Colored, Scrofulous, Inherited, and Contagious Humors, Blood Poisons, Ulcers, Abscesses, and Infantile Skin Tortures, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic, and Aperient, expels disease germs from the blood and perspiration, and thus removes the cause. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, restores the Complexion. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, and for rough, chapped, or greasy skin, blackheads, blotches, and baby humors. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers.

Chas. Houghton, Esq., lawyer 28 State Street, Boston, reports a case under his observation for ten years, which covered the patient's body and limbs, and to which all known methods of treatment had been applied without benefit, which was completely cured solely by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, leaving a clean and healthy skin.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Stebbins, Belcherton Mass., write: Our little boy was terribly afflicted with Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Erysipelas ever since he was born, and nothing we could give him helped him until we tried CUTICURA REMEDIES, which gradually cured him, until he now is as fair as any child.

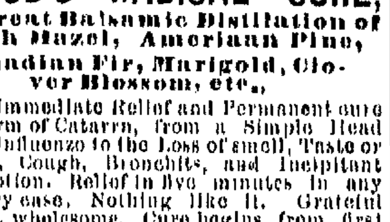
H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years standing, by CUTICURA REMEDIES. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die. Cure sworn to before a justice of the peace and Henderson's most prominent citizens.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES from a Skin Humor.

Sold by all Druggists. CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLENT, $100; SOAP, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases.

CATARRH



SANFOD'S RADICAL CURE,

The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent cure every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenzo to the Loss of smell, Taste or Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipiant Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists for $1.00. ASK FOR SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

PAIN IS THE CRY OF A SUFFERING NERVE

Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster instantly effects the Nervous System and banishes Pain. A perfect Electric Battery Combined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents. It annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

Don't!

DON'T Think, just because you have been suffering terribly with Rheumatism or Neuralgia, that you must always continue to suffer.

Nor think just because nobody has been able to cure you or your friends, that Neuralgia and Rheumatism are incurable.

DON'T Think that a cure is impossible just because the physicians have been unable to accomplish it.

Nor think that because ATHLOPHOROS has not been known ever since the foundation of the world, it will not cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

DON'T Neglect the testimony of the hundreds of sufferers who have tried ATHLOPHOROS and are now sound and hearty.

Nor think that because you have tried fifty other things that failed, that ATHLOPHOROS is like them.

Don't be discouraged! The very thing that will cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia is ATHLOPHOROS.

Don't be Skeptical! ATHLOPHOROS has cured others. It will Cure YOU.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity,* while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results,* as *many* of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold.

DUBUQUE, IA., Dec. 14, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more.

O. McCRANEY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 3d Dis. Iowa.*

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be Continued.)

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

PE-RU-NA

In this age of knowledge and doubt, many are anxious to receive and more are over-willing to give relief; for every cough there are many syrups, and for all the pale there are heaps of Iron. Not a pain but what soothers come; to the weak are held tonics strong, and to every invalid is offered health through diuretic expectorants or tonics, but we frankly tell you, you can get well and laugh them all to scorn by taking

—PERUNA—

Peruna cures Chronic Nasal Catarrh.
Peruna has no equal as a cough remedy.
Peruna never fails to effect a cure.
Peruna cures diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.

MENDON, WESTMORLAND CO., PA., January 23, 18[illegible]

Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, [illegible]

Dear Sirs—I have the pleasure of writing to you that your medicine called Peruna has done me more good than all medicine I ever took. Yours truly, E. H. GA[illegible]

—MANALIN—

Is an absolute cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all Pelvic Dis[illegible]

Price $1 per Bottle, Six Bottles [illegible] Sold by Druggists everywhere [illegible] rections in English and G[illegible]

THE BEST HOMES

FOR TEN MILLION PEOPLE ARE IN Minnesota, North-Dakota, Montana, Washington and Oregon, ALONG THE LINE OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

Through the Great Wheat-Belt of America.

40 Million acres of the best agricultural, mineral, forest and grazing lands in the United States are now open for settlement.

20 Million acres of railroad lands for sale at $2.60 to $4 per acre, on 5 years time if desired.

20 Million acres of Governments lands open to settlers FREE.

The Northern Pacific Country possesses great and rich natural resources ready to be developed into profitable industries.

For maps and pamphlets address and mention this paper.

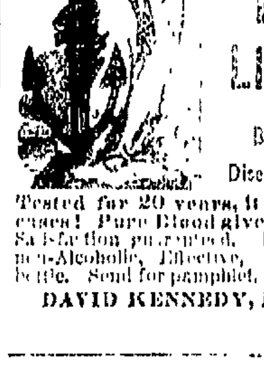
CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

To reach the above named lands or any point on the Northern Pacific R. R. buy your tickets from Chicago to St. Paul via the Chicago & North-Western R'y. It runs into the Northern Pacific depot at St. Paul and is the best for you to take. Do not buy tickets unless they read over the Chicago and North-Western R'y.

ESTABLISHED 1864. EDSON BROS. Patent Lawyers. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Specialty:—Patent causes before the Patent Office and the Courts. Reasonable terms. Opinion as to patentability, free of charge. Send for circular.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY



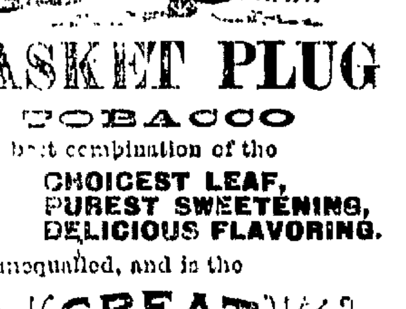
Discovered in Medical Practice.

Specially suited to all Malarial, Ague, Stomach, Rheumatic, Scrofulous and Female Complaints.

KIDNEY and LIVER CURE, AND ALL BLOOD DISORDERS.

Disease is an effect of bad blood

Tested for 20 years, it cures 90 per cent of cases! Pure Blood gives Blooming Health! Satisfaction guaranteed. It is purely vegetable, non-Alcoholic, Effective, Palatable. $1.00 a bottle. Send for pamphlet. Of all druggists, or of DAVID KENNEDY, M. D., Rondout, N. Y.



BASKET PLUG TOBACCO

Is the best combination of the CHOICEST LEAF, PUREST SWEETENING, DELICIOUS FLAVORING.

It is unequalled, and is the (GREAT) AMERICAN CHEW

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU That the Old Favorite WIGWAM And the New Favorite WIDE AWAKE are the best SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.

SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all. D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

NEW SEEDS! CHOICE FRUITS!

of the best, both new and old. Plants, Trees, Vines, Seeds, &c., by mail, a specialty. *Safe arrival guaranteed.* 60 choice, cheap, $1 Sets, for example: 12 ROSES SPLENDID Ever-Blooming $1 30 PACKETS CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS, $1. or the other 58 $1 Sets and 1,000 things beside, send for our Illustrated Catalogue of over 100 pages, free. None better nor more reliable. Established 30 yrs. 500 acres. 21 large Greenhouses. THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO

SOMETING NEW

ON SOUTH THIRD STREET,

THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.

All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in No. one style and at reasonable prices. All kinds of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Moldings, &c.

Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line. may5-6m.

CHAMPION GRAIN AND FERTILIZER DRILL

POSITIVE FORCE FEED DISTRIBUTER

SPECIAL DEVICE FOR PLANTING CORN FOR THE CROP.

FERTILIZER ATTACHMENT!

Unequaled and warranted to distribute accurately, evenly and easily any commercial fertilizer, wet or dry.

Draft light and easily handled—construction simple—material and workmanship the best.

We also make the Whipple Spring Tooth Sulky and Floating Harrow, Cultivators, Etc., Etc. These Harrows are adapted for use in all kinds of soil and are the best pulverizers known. No farmer can afford to be without one. *Ample time given for trial before settlement.* Broadcast Grain Seeders with Sulky Harrows when desired. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

CERE, TRUMAN, PLATT & CO., 25 & 27 Merwin St., Cleveland, Ohio.

INVITE YOUR NEIGHBOR'S ATTENTION

—TO—

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

The only 64 column paper in Eastern Ohio, and ask him to become a subscriber.

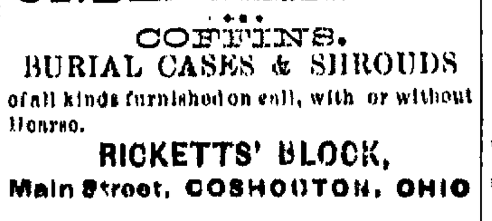
Specimen copy sent to any address upon request.

D. ROSE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE

AND GENERAL FURNISHING



UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS.

BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS

of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.

RICKETTS' BLOCK, Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

B. F. SELLS'

LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House,

Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

HOLDSTEINS

AROMANNA

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR Dyspepsia, Liver, and Kidney Diseases.

Indigestion, Billiousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn Waterbrash, Distress after Eating, Belching of Food, Malaria, Chills and Fevers Blood Purifier, Etc.

This purely vegetable preparation surpasses any medicine recommended for the above diseases. Give it a trial. Price, 25 and 75 cents.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Throat Affections, use DU LAC'S SWISS BALSAM. It never fails. Contains no morphia or opium. Price, 25 and 75 cents.

To prove their merits I don't say to you buy (as others do), but I say to you try a sample bottle, FREE, at J. F. COMPTON'S, Coshocton, Ohio.

G. HOLDSTEIN Proprietor, Woodbury, N. J.

Mar29-1y.

Legal Notice.

The undersigned Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church Society, of the village of Spring Mountain, in Coshocton county, Ohio hereby give notice, that on the 11th day of March 1884, they filed their petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, asking for authority to sell the following real estate situate in the village of Spring Mountain, in the county of Coshocton, Ohio, held in trust for said Religious Society to wit: Lot numbered four (4), in the village of Spring Mountain, (formerly called Van Buren) as the same is marked and delineated on the recorded plat of said village.

Said petition will be for hearing on the first day of the April Term, A. D., 1884 of said Court, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

SILAS MOORE
JOHN W. WINSLOW,
JOHN F. HASTINGS,
ISAAC BAKER,
JOHN A. WEATHERWAX

Mar18.

T. C. TAYLOR & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

224 N. COMMERCIAL STREET,

Saint Louis, Missouri.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING ORDERS FOR

Corn, Oats, Bran & Wheat.

Correspondence Solicited.

Feb2 3mo.

PATENTS

E. M. MARBLE, (Late Commissioner of Patents,)

Obtains patents for inventions in this and foreign countries. Will also attend to patent cases in the United States Courts. Office, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great Success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.)

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

(Corrected January 13th, 1884.)

Trains depart at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.
Western Express	*12:42 p. m.
Mail Express	*5:27 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line	†3:18 a. m.
Columbus Accommodation	†6:14 a. m.
Local Freight	†8:30 a. m.

GOING EAST.

	Depart.
Limited Express	*1:48 a. m.
Day Express	*2:10 a. m.
Eastern Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Dennison Accommodation	†7:10 p. m.
Local Freight	†12:50 p. m.

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

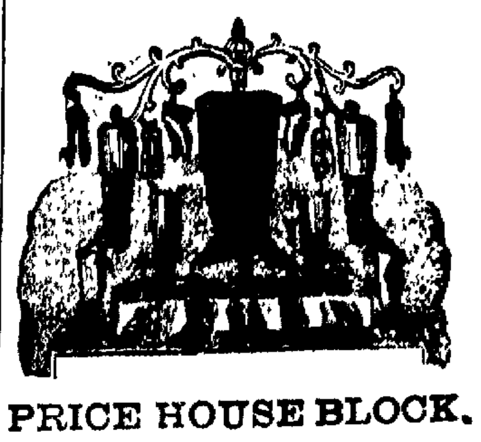
For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager, Columbus, O. E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't Agt., Pittsburgh, Pa

GEO. T. KAGLE

The People's Shoemaker.



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK.

Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Over 300,000 subjects and 5,000 illustrations, numerous in its 20 volumes, large octavo, $25; cheaper edition, $15.00. Specimen pages free. 300,000 Volumes choice Books,—descriptive catalogue free. Books for examination before payment on evidence of good faith. NOT sold by dealers—prices too low. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York, P. O. Box 1227.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

CORRESPONDENCE.

Keene

D. G. Whittemore and wife spent part of the week in Cleveland; their business was buying goods for the spring trade.

W. T. Beall has added greatly to the appearance of his lot by opening the alley leading from Main street to Second and erecting a new picket fence in front.

The ten week term of the township Central School will begin Monday, April 1st, with Mr. T. D. Duncan as Principal. This will close his year of ten months.

One of our young men left our village a few days ago for Holmes county. We expected to see him with a "fair bride," but to our great surprise he did not bring her with him, reason unknown.

Our Assessor is on the route discharging the duties of his office.

Miss Emma McCullough, of Avondale, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. John Andrews.

The sick of our village and community are, Miss Annie Adams, Mrs. Ella Beall, Mrs. Wolford, who is visiting at Mrs. John Whittemore's, and Mr. Jonas Duncan. We are unable to foretell the results, but earnestly hope for the speedy recovery of each of them. O. Z.

Plainfield.

The weather is fine and farmers are pushing the plow for a summer crop.

Clara McClintock has returned from Michigan.

Col. C. F. Sangster got back from Kansas, on Saturday last. I understand that he contemplates selling his farm here and moving to that State.

Tenant houses are scarce in this township for day laborers who wish such accommodations. Farmers who have to hire hands by the year, or otherwise, might do well to have a tenant house and hire married men who will work and board themselves. Too many farmers make slaves of their own wives to cook for hands while the wife of the hand is sitting at her ease at home with little or nothing to do.

The married poor must have some place to poke their heads in; they can't live among the rocks. Marriage is honorable, and the civil and well wishers of mankind ought to encourage it. Men are more apt to settle down in life and become good citizens if married than otherwise. They ought therefore to have a place to live if they have none of their own, and are willing to work and do what is right. Seeing, as I have said before, that tenant houses are so scarce, and so many young married men are put to so much trouble to get a house to put a dear little wife in, why would it not do for each township to buy 4 or 5 acres of ground near the township village if there is any, or in some other center place in the township, and lay it off in lots, and build cottage houses similar to those at many coal banks and keep them to rent at a reasonable price to persons who cannot suit themselves better, and let this money go into the town ship treasury to pay cost of said land and houses or to make the township tax less on each citizen. Why not?

Will Wolfe started to-day for Kansas. M.

Conesville.

Our Sabbath School was organized two weeks since, with the following officers: Superintendent, D. C. Ridgway; Assistant. L. M. Mirise; Secretary, I. B. Barclay; Librarian, Alice Marquand; Treasurer, A. Holdsworth. We were favored with Miss Gregg's presence, of Roscoe, on last Sabbath, who officiated at the organ, and all were highly pleased with her musical talent. Come again.

The proposed branch of railroad is the chief topic of conversation among our citizens, and we earnestly hope it will be completed, as it will be a benefit to our citizens, making more money in the community, bringing the laboring class to build and spend their money in our own community. The Coshocton Coal Company certainly deserve great credit for enterprise, and Conesville ought to support and encourage their efforts. Why not change the name of Conesville to that of Davisville, as Mr. Davis, superintendent of the Coal Company is very zealous in building up business at this place.

Wm. Clark, of this place, will go West as soon as he gets consent of the old——

Deaths at Spring Mountain

SPRING MOUNTAIN, O., April 11.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Within one short month the King of Terrors has invaded this village and immediate vicinity no less than five times. The first to be called by that awful voice whose summons no mortal can disobey, and in the order named, were Mr. Joseph Sowers, Mr. Solomon Still and Mr. Enoch Taylor, three aged and highly respected citizens, whose sands of life had run out, all having lived more than the three score years and ten allotted to the life of man, consequently their demise was not unexpected. Next, and on the 7th day of April, the Fell Destroyer claimed for his own Mr. James Ayers, of Spring Mountain. Mr. Ayers was only about thirty-five years old, but had been suffering for a long time from pulmonary and bronchial troubles. He leaves a wife and three small children to mourn his untimely loss, and buffet with the storms of this cold and heartless world.

But not satisfied with these victims, "the grim monster" but yesterday, the 10th inst., again visited our quiet and peaceful village, and entering the home of Jacob Ulman, cruelly snatched from the walks of this life, his kind and affectionate wife. Mrs. Ulman was forty-six years old at the time of her death. She had long been a sufferer and invalid from lung trouble and spinal affections, but she bore up under her suffering with Christian fortitude, and without complaint or murmur awaited with resignation the inevitable result her diseases but too plainly indicated.

Conscious of "a well grounded hope," she passed away peacefully while a sweet smile played upon her countenance which lingered upon her pallid lips long after she was cold in the embrace of death.

She had resided in this place for the last fifteen years, during which time she had endeared herself to a large circle of friends and acquaintences, by her purity of heart and nobleness of soul. She was possessed of a high order of intellect, was a devout and exemplary Christian lady, a devoted and faithful wife, a loving mother, a genial and reliable friend, and a generous and obliging neighbor. She will be sorely missed by her numerous friends, but the deepest sorrow must fall upon her bereaved husband, who, in his declining years, can no longer go to her in the hour of trouble for comfort, for counsel, and for solace.

Farewell! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee,
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity. L.

The Tariff Discussion.

The analysis of the vote whereby the tariff bill was taken up for consideration is rather interesting. There were 278 votes cast, 138 against the motion and 140 for. Of those voting for the motion, five were Republicans, three from Minnesota, one from Kansas, and one from Brooklyn, N. Y. Thirty eight Democrats, led by Mr. Randall, voted against the bill.

Mr Strait, a Republican member from Minnesota, who voted for the bill, defined his reasons for so doing, as follows:

"I believe that a reduction of the tariff must come sooner or later. I believe that the tariff is much too high. The reduction made last Congress is a step in the right direction, but the tariff will stand a further reduction without doing harm, in my opinion, to the manufacturing interest of the East. While I don't desire to cripple the manufacturing industries, I do believe they can transact their business under a reduction and still be able to compete with foreign markets, and I further think that the people of the West will insist upon a fair and proper reduction. This bill, in respect to many items, is not what I or many others would like to have. I would like to place many items on the free list, and possibly there are many items in the bill that ought not to receive 20 per cent. reduction."

"Don't you think the discussion is unavailing, will amount to nothing and is an unnecessary waste of time?"

"I do not think so, because I believe in reduction, and any discussion on that subject I do not think a waste of time."

"Do you think the bill as it is now should pass; in other words, would you vote for it?"

"I am not clear whether the bill in its present shape should pass or not, and shall have to reserve my judgment on that point until after a fair discussion of it."

The other Republicans who voted for the motion, gave similar reasons for voting as they did.

Morrison opened the debate in favor of the bill and Kelley, of Pennsylvania, opposed it.

Mr. Morrison said:

To fail to reduce taxation and relieve the people would be a flagrant disregard of public duty. The pending bill might not be all that is required, but it was an advance toward the promise of more complete tariff reform. Such reform and adjustment of the tariff was not believed attainable at the present session. It would create no surprise that, in the opinion of the minority of the Ways and Means Committee, the measure was not sufficiently harmonious to secure their approval. They found in it no merit because it proposed to reduce all duties alike. A horizontal reduction might not be the best, but none other was now practicable. Protectionists opposed it, not because it was a horizontal reduction, but because it was a reduction at all. The year 1860 was a time of plenty. The laborer for wages was at least as well, and the grower of grain better paid, than they are in this year of 1884, and in that year of 1860, of bounteous plenty, our importations of foreign goods were less to the person, or in proportion to population, than in the years 1880-'82. To the list of articles now imported free of duty, amounting to nearly one-third of all our importations, it is proposed to add salt, coal, wood and lumber. Salt is already freed from tax for fishermen, also for the exporter of meats, to lessen the cost of food to the people of other countries, not for our own. Coal is untaxed for use on vessels having by law the exclusive right to the coasting trace or engaged in the foreign carrying trade—a privilege denied to persons engaged in other pursuits. The revenue derived from wood and lumber imported and hereafter to be admitted free of duty has in the ten years last past much exceeded $10,000,000. The census returns show that the domestic wooden products exceed $500,000,000 per annum. If an average duty of 20 per cent. on imported woods adds but 10 per cent, to the price of that produced here its increased coast to the people has been $500,000,000 in ten years. In these ten years under the pretense of taxing this article to secure $10,000,000 revenue, we have compelled the people to pay $500,000,000 in bounty to encourage the destruction of forests and the felling of trees; and in the same time we have given more than 18,000,000 acres of land under the timber culture act as bounty to encourage the planting of other trees and other forests.

Those really desirous of affording some relief from existing abuses will not fail to find their opportunity in removing taxes yielding $8,000,000 on sugar, as much as on cotton and woollen goods, and $14,000,000 on other articles used in every home. The insufficient, not to say deceptive, character of the late revision, the manner of making it and the circumstances attending its adoption alike forbid it should be permanent. The security from agitation and change is to confine the taxing power to its rightful purpose of obtaining revenue limited to the necessities of the Government. When no more revenue is needed by the Government of the people, it has attained the limit of its power to tax the people.

It is insisted that wages are so much higher here than in countries seeking our markets, that revenue duties will not equalize the difference in the cost of production. Conceding the truth of what is not true, that a foreign rival must pay for the privilege of selling in our markets a sum equal to the difference in wages to enable the home producer to sell with reasonable profit, let us see if revenue rates will compensate for that difference. The census value of manufactures for 1881 was $5,369,579,191; the wages paid in making them were $947,953,795. The difference in the cost of the goods is said to be the difference in the cost of wages. But suppose the difference between the cost here and the cost abroad amounts to all the wages paid here, then these manufactures would cost abroad $4,420,625,396. Suppose the average rate of duty which the bill before the House leaves at 33 per cent, was reduced to 22 per cent., and at that rate this $4,421,625,396, the value of goods imported, it would cost the importer at that rate of 22 per cent. $972,757,587, which not only makes up for the difference in wages, but exceeds all wages paid for making all the goods. If those who claim especial friendship for manufacturing industries will insist on their going into decay and then dying, some other apology must be found for their taking off than the removal of unnecessary taxes.

Mr. Kelley in opposing the bill proceeded to picture the condition of labor in Europe, the work of socialists, nihilists, etc., in the various parts of the Old World, and drew the conclusion that it was the outgrowth of the low wages and consequent suffering of the laboring people. He drew some harrowing pictures of what he had observed in the labor districts of "merry England—prosperous, free trade England."

The proposition now made was that the United States should enter the race with the world for cheapness, which had led to such terrible results in England. There was nothing of so little value in England as a workingman or woman with a reasonably good appetite. In one town he had seen women making trace chains, and yet the gentleman from Kentucky, (Turner) was returned to Congress every year because he advocates placing trace chains on the free list.

Turner said that that was a good proposition which he hoped would be adopted.

Kelley replied that women could realize 55 or 60 cents a week for making trace chains. God forbid that any Kentucky woman must ever work at such masculine employment for such starvation wages. He recalled the reply of Emory Storrs to the Englishman who at a dinner given by Minister Lowell, was badgering him about free trade. "I will admit free trade is the best for you—at least for those of you who can afford to consume anything that is produced; but I claim protecitón is best for us. You think more a great deal of a cheap shoe than you do of a prosperous shoemaker, while in America we think more of an artist than of his work." (Applause on the Republican side.)

After describing the wretched condition of the laborers in Birmingham and surrounding towns, he said:

God forbid that American labor should ever be embodied in any protection that should be cheap enough to be sold to the industrial towns that surround Birmingham. Much was heard about raw material. He denied the free trade Democracy of the country, as represented on this floor, was in favor of free raw material. Under the present tariff every element of raw material which could be discovered was already on the free list. The pending bill put twenty or thirty articles on the free list, but not one of them was raw material. The raw material for salt was the brine which was pumped out. The coal in the earth, selling at a certain rate per ton, "unsight unseen," was raw material; but when thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars had been expended in making it accessible to man's use it was not. Alcohol was raw material, and only two Democrats—Hewitt and Randall—were in favor of putting it on the free list. What was charged for the use of nature's solvents, for which the wit of man had yet discovered no substitute? Before the American farmer could advance his raw material—corn—one stage in manufacture he had to pay 90 cents a peck. The same was true of tobacco—it was a tax on the producing and trading classes. In the race for cheapness, production left prosperous countries and found its way to the most oppressed and those where people would work for the smallest modicum of food and clothing. The United States had entered on a work of banishing manufacturers, and he asked that the tariff rates be reinstated as he had hoped they would have been by the majority of the last Congress.

Mr. Kelley then repeated the assertion that he had made, that production had outrun consumption. Every reduction of wages diminished the power of the masses to consume and magnified the evil from which the people of the whole industrial world were now suffering. This evil could not be mitigated by a 20 per cent. reduction in the tariff, now too light on a good many articles which should be produced in the United States, nor be a blow at the agricultural interests. The south of Russia is now engaging Americans to erect elevators, to build factories for American agricultural machinery and to aid in the construction of railroads to seaports, and if the farmers of America do not care for their interests and do not strive by proper legislation to diversify their agricultural products, their markets would be gone; and in comparison with the price they now received for wheat they would receive a price a little more than nominal. He could see but two means by which the markets could be increased with the third means glimmering in the future. Stop all importation of cheap labor. Send back to whatever country they came from the men or women who had signed contracts in foreign lands or on shipboard to work at lower wages than the wages of American labor. [Applause] See that wages were kept so high that the public schools might be well sustained and children reasonably well educated. Let not the American women become degraded. Protect American motherhood against the degradation of becoming drudges in English works, iron forges and rolling mills if necessary, by declaring 8 hours as the longest period in 24 that men or machinery may run.

He advocated the production of sorghum in the West, and especially in the Southwest, as a means of diversifying the labor of the American farmer and enhancing the sale of his productions Let the country be isolated. It was unlike any other. It was not a monarchy or an empire. It was a free country, every human being belonging to which was a citizen with the rights of a freeman and with a duty before him of helping to maintain the Government which could only live as long as virtue, intelligence and independence characterized its citizens. And this it could not do if it was to begin in the unholy race for the "cheap and nasty" underteachings of dismal science. [Applause on the Republican side.]

The debate is now on, but no one can tell where it will end. More than seventy members are booked for speeches. There is little prospect of it becoming a law, but the discussion will do no harm and the people will become enlightened by thinking about it. After the Republicans elect their President and a new Congress this fall, and the turmoil and excitement incident to such campaigns is past, then a correct solution may be expected, but not until then.

EDITOR AGE:- As the Farmers Home Insurance Company has enjoyed a very generous patronage from the people of Coshocton county, we ask the privilege of making some statements through your columns. We believe that all companies licensed by the Superintendent of Insurance have a right to compete for business; that while a risk is unwritten, or before it is placed, all agents representing regularly licensed companies have an equal right to solicit the risk. Further, we maintain that when a policy has expired, or is about to expire, the risk is open for any or all agents just as much as a risk that had never been written. We maintain that when the risk is once placed no agent, desiring to do an honorable business, will attempt to discourage the insured, or seek to induce the insured to cancel his policy before the date of its expiration. Further, we maintain that the business of insurance is legal and honorable, and should be so transacted by its agents. Is this the belief and practice of some of our rival companies? Is the insurance business, as conducted by W. A. Miser, such as to commend itself to the people? In personally referring to W. A. Miser we wish it distinctly understood that we do not question the reliability of the company he represents. The Superintendent of Insurance at Columbus has fully authorized it to transact the business of insurance. With these statements we desire to show up some of the depths to which W. A. Miser will stoop for business. On the 18th of March, 1883, the dwelling house of Margaret Unsold, of Oxford township, Tuscarawas county, was consumed by fire. The building and its contents were insured in the Farmers Home, and as to the disposition of the loss we copy receipt of the insured:

NEW COMERSTOWN, O., April 4, 1883.

Received of Tobias Castor, adjusting agent of the Farmers Home Ins. Co., five hundred and sixteen dollars, payment in full for loss covered by policy No. 7480.

MARGARET UNSOLD.

Mrs. Unsold rebuilt, and in September our Mr. T. J. Cook received her application for insurance on the new house, taking her note due in 90 days for the premium. A few weeks after Mr. Cook had placed this risk, W. A. Miser came to Unsold's, and by misrepresentations—which, on account of Mrs. Unsold being unable to read English, and her husband being blind, he more easily caused them to believe—succeeded in taking our policy up and placing them in his company. Mr. Cook believing that the risk belonged to him, having first secured it, replaced our policy. In a short time W. A. Miser appeared again, and a second time, by untrue statements, and the payment of twenty dollars, in gold, to Mrs. Unsold, succeeded in replacing his policy. In proof of this we submit the affidavit of Mrs Unsold:

State of Ohio, Coshocton County, SS:

Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared Margaret Unsold, and after being duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says, that W. A. Miser, in order to get me to cancel my policy in the Farmers Home Insurance Company, said that the Farmers Home was not worth anything, and would not pay her losses, and last year it had lost ten thousand dollars and could not pay five thousand. That I would not get into any trouble, and if I did, he (Miser) would take care of me, for he was fully able to do it. As a further inducement, he (Miser) left with me a twenty dollar gold piece to pay off the note heretofore given the Farmers Home.

MARGARET UNSOLD.

Sworn to by Margaret Unsold, and subscribed by her in my presence this 25th day of March, 1884.

{SEAL.} JAMES A. MAYHEW, Notary Public.

We have briefly stated one of many similar affairs, in which W. A. Miser has been a party. Do the people of Coshocton county desire to extend their patronage to a man who has thus proven himself utterly void of that honor that should characterize the representative of any respectable business? If the people desire to patronize one who has shown himself ready to divest himself of the habiliments of a gentleman, and crawl in the filth to secure business, if they knowingly desire to patronize a Company which ago has not lifted above countenancing gutter-snipe practices, then you know your man. We speak plainly, as we desire to be understood, that the Farmers Home stoops to no such questionable practices. The Farmers Home will neither lend aid nor comfort to any practice tending to degrade the profession.

T. J. COOK, of Plainfield, is Agent for the Farmers Home in Coshocton county.

THE Grand Jury of Licking Co., indicted Charles Wells, a popular young tailor of Newark, of bigamy, he having married Ollie Van Kirk of that city while Mary Gorden, his former wife of Fairfield county still expects the coming of her truant husband. Wells is now pining for the society of his loving spouses behind the bars for want of $600 bond.

NEW CONCORD is talking of organizing a G. A. R. post.

ADVANCING spring warns us to prepar for warmer weather. Strengthen the system, purify the blood, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Spurgeon's Life Work.

This famous London preacher has been engaged for many years on a great literary undertaking which he calls THE TREASURY OF DAVID. It is an exceedingly valuable commentary on the Psalms, altogether different from ordinary works of this kind Few men living are as interesting writers as is Mr Spurgeon. Dr. John Hall says of this great work that "for instruction it is without an equal," and Dr. Philip Schaff says "that it is the most important work of the age on the Psalms." It is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. See their large book advertisement on another page.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Mar22-1y. 1rm.

MARY STEWART FACE POWDER contains no mineral poison. 25c. Druggists. April19-1y.

Swept Into the Stream.

One Thousand Acres of Land and "Right Smart of Bears"

On the deck of a big Mississippi steamboat stood an aged Southern planter. Indicating by a sweep of his arm the waters the boat was passing over, he said to a passenger from the North: "When I was twelve years old I killed my first bear on a new plantation my father was then cutting out of a forest that grew directly over the waters of this bend. That was a mighty good plantation, and there was right smart of bears there, too But that one thousand acres of land went into the Mississippi years ago

It is putting no strain upon the figure to say that great forests of youthful hope, womanly beauty and manly strength are swept in the great, turbid torrent of disease and death. Yet it should not be so. That it is so is a disgrace as well as a loss. People are largely too careless or too stupid to defend their own interests—the most precious of which is health. That gone all is gone. Disease is simple, but to recklessness or ignorance the simplest things might as well be complex as a proposition in Conic Sections. As the huge Western rivers which so often flood the cities along the shores, arise in a few mountain springs, so all our ailments can be traced to impure blood and a small group of disordered organs.

The most effective and inclusive remedy for disease is PARKER'S TONIC. It goes to the sources of pain and weakness. In response to its action, the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart begin their work afresh, and disease is driven out. The Tonic is not, however, an intoxicant, but cures a desire for strong drink. Have you dyspepsia, rheumatism, or trouble which have refused to yield to other agents? Here is your help.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to all Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

CANCER INSTITUTE, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go to it.

A Pithy Sentence.

A well known statesman of this country once said when summing up the events of a lifetime: "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." He might have added many more wonders, but they are not necessary, for his aphorism expresses much. Yet it is a well known fact that the above could not be said of life were all classes aware what a great remedy PERUNA is, and what wondrous cures it has performed. For the the ills of youth it is a wondrous specific. The worry and tear of manhood's struggle for existence enfeeble his system, and he needs such a tonic, and when old age comes on with its feebleness and regrets for failures and mistakes, the great remedy, PERUNA, can still be used with good effect and if given a fair trial will accomplish wonders.

American Art.

Photographs, Engravings, etc., can be exquisitely colored with Liquid Art Colors made from Diamond Dyes. Full directions for this beautiful art work, with a handsome colored cabinet photo sent to any address for 10 cents. Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt. 29-4t.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Stallion, "Virginia;" seven years old; sorrel. He is 16 hands high, of beautiful form and perfect action. Sired by Virginia Charley. Will be sold at a bargain, or exchanged for other property, if taken by May 1. Call on or address,
THOMAS McCOY, New Moscow,
Virginia township, Coshocton Co., O.
Mar29-5t.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents per bottle. July 14, 1yr.

CASTORIA

for

Infants and Children

Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria.

Centaur Liniment.—An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an instantaneous Pain-reliever.

$66 a week at home $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

PILES, FISSURE, FISTULA & ULCERS

Of all kinds permanently cured at the McDONALD HOUSE,

Friday, April 25, May 2-30, June 27, July 25.

THOS. J. KISNER, M. D.

GUARANTEES A CURE IN EVERY CASE OF

PILES. Bleeding Piles, Blind Piles, Protruding Piles, Painful Piles, Itching Piles, or Fissure.

BY HIS NEW AND PAINLESS METHOD

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Office—Canton, Ohio. Jan5-tf

Farm for Sale.

243 acres in Bethlehem township, Coshocton county. 125 acres under cultivation, balance in timber. Abundance of good fruit, and water in nearly every field. As good a stock farm as there is in the county. Good barns and other out-buildings. Within 40 rods of good school. For terms, address J. G. Stewart, Coshocton, Ohio, or apply to Howard Hook on the premises. JOHNSON OGLEVIE.
Apr12-3m.

The Challenge Laundry, LABOR SAVING SOAP,

SOLD BY

CHARLES SNYDER.

The best Soap in the market, read the following testimonials:

MR. CHARLES SNYDER:

I can recommend your Soap as being the best I have ever known. I had a red cashmere shawl, on which was a stain made by white paint eleven years ago, and I have tried time and again, without effect, to remove it. Your Soap took it out completely.

MRS. ELSON.
Coshocton, O., March 28, 1884

January 26, 1884.

Have used the Burnerd & Co. Labor Saving Soap, and it proves to be as recommended. For cleaning house we think it without an equal.
C. M. BIBLE, Clerk Bethlehem Township.

ROSCOE, O., Feb. 29, 1884.

Having used Bernerd's Challenge Soap I cheerfully recommend it as being far the best soap I have ever used, and as being reliable for all that is claimed for it. H. M. SMITH.

ROSCOE, March 6, 1884.—Having used the Bernerd challenge Laundry Soap, we think it the best we have ever had in our family. For washing, cleaning wood work, or for other use we would not do without it.
MRS. WILL FREDERICK.

ROSCOE, Feb. 28.—Having used the above soap I cheerfully recommend it as being far the best soap I have ever used, and as being reliable for all that is claimed for it.
W. H. NELDON.

HELMICK, January 14.—This certifies that I am a painter by trade, and that I had a pair of overalls covered with paint, and they were completely cleaned with challenge soap by your agent, Mr. Chas. Snyder.
JOHN CROSS, Justice of the Peace.

HELMICK, Jan. 2, 1884.—Have used the soap and can cheerfully recommend it.
SOLOMON INFIELD.

Receipts for making this soap can be secured of

CHARLES SNYDER,
Helmick, Coshocton County Ohio.
Price for Receipt, $1; sent by mail.
Mar29-3m.

7 Great Monarchies

OF THE ANCIENT EASTERN WORLD. By Rawlinson. Three large volumes, over 700 Fine Illustrations. Price reduced from $18 to $3 Not sold by dealers. Books sent for examination before payment, on evidence of good faith. Specimen pages and large catalogue free. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1227.

JOY TO THE WORLD!

THERE IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR

DRUNKENNESS

Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance the happiest results followed. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist.

Prepared by GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O. Send for circular. For Sale by

Dr. S. H. LEE, Druggist,
April2-3m Coshocton, O

FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement. Illustrated circular free J. F. MANCHA, Claremont Virginia.

HEDGE PLANTS

A large stock of first-class Osage Orange Hedge Plants for sale Price, $3 00 per thousand, packed and delivered on the cars. A liberal reduction on large orders. Send your order at once, and I will ship the plants promptly, or keep them until you are ready for them. They may be set at any time from now until about first of June. Address
T. J. SPRIGGS,
April2-5t. Sarahsville, Noble Co, O.

STATE OF OHIO, Insurance Department.

COLUMBUS, O., January 31st, 1884

I hereby certify, That the Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Company, located at New York, in the State of New York has complied in all respects with the laws of this State, relating to Insurance Companies, other than Life, incorporated by other States of the United States, and is authorized to transact its appropriate business of Plate Glass Insurance in this State, in accordance with law, during the current year. The condition and business of said Company on the 31st day of December, of the year next preceding the date hereof, is shown by the statement, under oath, required by Section 284, revised statutes of Ohio, to be as follows:

Aggregate amount of available Assets	$154,893 29
Aggregate amount of liabilities, except capital, including re-insurance	57,021 13
Net Assets	97,872 16
Amount of actual paid up Capital	100 000 00
Surplus	2 027 84
Amount of Income for the year in cash	90,182 09
Amount of expenditures for the year in cash	73 583 34

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the Seal of my office to be affixed, the day and year above written.

[L. S.] CHARLES H. MOORE, Sup't.

W. H. ROBINSON, Agent, Coshocton, O.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of David E. Jones, late of Coshocton county, deceased. Dated this 10th day of April, A. D., 1884.
April2-3w. SAMUEL JONES.

CORK SHAVINGS

FOR

MATTRESSES.

The Best Article in Use

For filling beds, on account of its durability it is cheaper than straw or husks. Enough for one large bed cost as follows:

40 lbs. at 6c	$2 40
Sacks	50
	$2 90

FOR SALE BY
ARMSTRONG BROTHER & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

REMOVAL!

MRS. GEO. LORENZ

Has removed her Store to the room formerly occupied by J. POCOCK & SONS, Main Street, where she has now on exhibition the Largest and Finest Stock of

ELEGANT MILLINERY,

Fancy Goods, Notions,

Gloves, Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, &c.,

EVER BROUGHT TO COSHOCTON COUNTY.

Bleaching, Pressing & Trimming

PROMPTLY DONE.

Call and see our Magnificent New Stock, which is complete in every Department, and you will find that we sell lower for Cash than any other house in our line.

NEW FIRM!

GOSSER & ROBINSON.

In addition to the large Stock purchased from the firm of Lee & Gosser we are daily receiving

NEW SPRING STYLES

Direct from the very best Manufacturers of

BOOTS and SHOES.

HATS and CAPS

In great variety of the

Very Latest Shapes.

We buy at large discounts for

CASH,

And will guarantee our prices the

VERY LOWEST.

We sell at ONE PRICE to all, and for Cash only. Call and examine.

GOSSER & ROBINSON,

Next to City Hall

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	9
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	25
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	12
Flour per sack	1 40
Flour by Patent Process	1 70
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	1 25
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6 to 7
Shoulders per pound	8
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, No 1	90
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, No2	85
CORN—	60
OATS—	40
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	15 85
Per Sack, XX	1 40
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 80
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 65

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1850, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables, Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, 4 50a4 75 good, 3 50a4 50; medium, 2 50a3 00.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a65c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a23c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 30a35c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 28a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6a7c; Peaches, halves, a6½a73 do red do, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 15a16; pickled

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clove 20 to 22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 60 a75 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 50a60, live turkeys per lb, 10a11c dressed chickens per lb 13a14c; dressed turkeys 16a18c dressed duck 12 15c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 35cts: Burbank 40c; other varieties 35c.

RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 80 Clover, 6 00a6 25, for small; 8 25 a8 50 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 10a112; Medium, 1 08a1 00.

CORN—High mixed Shelled 54a56; Yellow Shelled, 52a53; Ear Corn, 57 a58

OATS—38a40c for white, 36 a38c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 62a67.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75c a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter 7 50a7 25;; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper, Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 24 00a25 00; Coarse, do, 21 00a22 00; Seconds, 1300a18 50;

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 15 00a14 00 Prarie 8 00a8 50

East Liberty Live Stock Markets.

April 16, 1884.

With the boundless prairies crowding nearly 5,000 head more of cattle than the week previous into Chicago; with 8,500 head of hogs unsold in the pens there on Monday evening; with New York and Philadelphia glutted. The demand is fitful, and a brisk one at certain points on certain days merely indicates a local ripple at the point affected, the general conditions being unfavorable. The growers ought to send good stock to market this season from now on. There was a uniformity of dullness to-day; in fact, it has been intensifying all week, though it does not affect prices to any great extent. Quotations were as follows:

CATTLE—Prime, 1300 to 1500 pounds $6 25a6 50; good, 1100 to 1200 pounds, 5 75a6 00; common, 4 50a5 00; stockers, 800 to 900 pounds, 5a5 25; bulls and drycows, $3 50a5 00; veal calves, 4 1-2 a5 1-2. Receipts to-day, 646 head; shipments, 57 head.

HOGS—Philadelphias, 6 40a6 50; Yorkers, 5 75 a6 00. Receipts to-day, 1,495 head; shipments, 845 head.

SHEEP—Extra wooled, 6 00a6 25; common wooled, 5 50a4 50; prime clipped, 4a4 75; common clipped, 3a3 50; lambs, 5a7 00. Receipts, 1,600 head shipments, 2,600 head.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®